THE STUDENT

1941-1942

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The STUDENT

WAKE FOREST DANCING

Story on page 10

October 1941

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ANGELA CUMMINS
Chesterfield's
Girl of the Month

At all the Games
IT'S CHESTERFIELD

For **MILDNESS**, for **BETTER TASTE** and **COOLER SMOKING**, Chesterfield is the winning cigarette . . . they're quick to satisfy with their *right combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

All around you, pack after pack, you'll see Chesterfields giving smokers a lot more pleasure. *Join in, light 'em up, and you've got a cigarette to cheer about.*

Everywhere you go . . .
it's have a Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

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The STUDENT

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VOL. LVIII OCTOBER 1941 No. 1

Gridiron Defense

An inside chat with Head Coach Jim Weaver reveals that there's a big future ahead for Wake Forest Football—draft or no draft.

WAKE FOREST is arming for defense—on the football field.

The largest freshman squad in the college's history—some 90 strong at the start—is Athletic Director Jim Weaver's most secure insurance against Selective Service.

Weaver, in a special interview with THE STUDENT, forecast a gloomy outlook for national collegiate football in the next year or two, but said that Wake Forest with an enlarged squad and improved physical plant is set to withstand war conditions as long as any other school.

The new Wake Forest athletic regime, re-inforced by this fall's freshmen, Weaver expressed this way:

"Wake Forest wants to maintain athletic standards just as high as its academic standards. And that means as high as any school in the nation, regardless of size."

He denounced the attitude of many who feel that the Deacon football squad should not exceed par for a school of comparatively small enrollment.

"Wake Forest is better equipped than ever before," Coach Weaver said, "and can get better players now than ever in its history."

Football, he reminded an interviewer, completely faded out among American colleges in the final year of the first World War.

"The future of college football hinges on the draft," he said. "Many conferences this year are overcoming low-squad difficulties by allowing freshmen on varsity squads. The Southern Conference may do likewise next season."

Wake Forest, regardless of war abroad, is scheduling football far into the future.

Eight Southern Conference games are to be played in 1942. Among opponents is a team never met by Wake Forest before.

Coach Jim Weaver is leading Wake Forest along the path of big-time football.

Duke, Clemson, and State will meet Wake Forest in new Groves Stadium next fall, he announced, and either one or two more home games will be played, possibly Auburn.

"We may not be able to play all the games scheduled far into the future," Coach Weaver said, "because the war may stop football. But we are building our strength with all we've got now."

Thus the gigantic freshman squad—fifty per cent North Carolinians, and fifty per cent from other states, principally the North, spring into action.

Coach Weaver was convinced after the Duke game that the draft is not hurting Wake Forest freshman football this year. But he predicted that many of the boys will be lost next year.

The use of Groves Stadium only once this season has caused much criticism among alumni who are anxious to see the new stadium put into more extensive use.

Previous commitments and conflicts, coupled with the financial situation, Coach Weaver declared, led to scheduling so many of the games away from Wake Forest.

Boston College, for instance, offered the Deacon players a very attractive sum to journey North for that game. The Clemson game would conflict, if played here, with the Carolina-Duke game.

Weaver promised that such a schedule will not occur again.

"We are attempting to book for the future at least several of the larger games for the home stadium each fall," he said.

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Another "Incident"

One of Wake Forest's new professors came over from Shanghai on the *Tatuta Maru*

***By* JOHN McMILLAN**

PROFESSOR GEORGE A. CARVER was a virtual prisoner of the Japanese government for six long and uncertain days last July.

He and 129 other American citizens crossing the Pacific Ocean from China on the Japanese steamship *Tatuta Maru* were mysteriously halted in their course about 150 miles west of San Francisco. Telling of his harrowing experience off the California coast, Carver said:

"The *Tatuta* pulled out of Shanghai July 3, and one week later left Yokohama, after a delay in Japan. As it turned out, if we hadn't been delayed two days, we would have missed it all.

"All went well until Wednesday night, July 23. We were to have arrived in San Francisco the next morning, and everyone was busy packing suitcases. That night the first shock came when the purser of the ship posted this notice:

> DUE TO DISORDER OF THE ENGINES THE ARRIVAL WILL BE DELAYED. FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS WILL BE MADE LATER. CAPTAIN (TAKAHATA)"

Carver leaned back into the soft depths of an easy chair and told how the radio reception on the ship was cut off and no word could be received until Friday night, how the engines stopped during the night, and how on Thursday morning the engines started again and the ship had wheeled around and was going westward, AWAY from San Francisco.

For the first two days the passengers had no idea as to what it was all about. An explanation finally came Friday night when word was received through the then resumed radio that the United States had frozen all Japanese assets in this country.

"Late that night," said Carver, "the purser rushed out with another notice from Captain Takahata:

> WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE DO NOT KNOW FOR THE TIME BEING WHETHER WE GO INTO SAN FRANCISCO OR NOT, BECAUSE OF THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT TO FREEZE JAPANESE CREDITS. WE ARE AWAITING FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FROM OUR SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS. CAPTAIN."

From Saturday through Tuesday the *Tatuta Maru* drifted aimlessly. Wild rumors spread among the anxious and excited passengers. "There was so much speculation in the air you could cut it with a knife," Carver said as he described the mounting concern of the many Americans aboard the ship.

"During the four days of drifting several ships came by, including the *President Pierce* which passed by on Monday. The *Pierce* sent wireless messages and blinker signals to our ship but the Japanese officers refused to answer. The first officer just stood up on the bridge and smiled like a Cheshire cat.

"One bit of good news during this period of waiting was the news received on Monday that, despite the freezing of Japanese assets in the United States several days before, assurances were made by the State Department that the ship would not be seized when it came into port at San Francisco.

"All day Tuesday the boat was like a death ship. You could have heard a pin drop."

On Wednesday joy and relief came to the gloomy passengers when the ship propellors

Continued on page sixteen

Professor Carver, *front right*, joined the "Chinese" delegation after his arrival at Wake Forest. Beside him is Ed Chow, only real Chinese in the group. *Left to right, second row:* Bill Ayers, Sterling Beath, Bob Gallimore, and Owen Hipps. *Third row:* George Stamps, John McMillan, Bob Lide, and Dick Gallimore.

MAN OF THE HOUR

WAKE Forest's Professor Jasper Memory has sung at New York's Plaza Theater, won the Carolinas' tennis tourney, and been featured in Alexander Woolcott's column in *The New Yorker*.

Standing at the dying embers of the old administration building fire in 1932, Mr. Memory saw blowing about his feet a letterhead, yellow with age and seared about its edges. He recognized his father's picture printed in a corner, and found it to be a letter accompanying a contribution to the college from the elder Memory in 1885.

Professor Clonts, standing with Mr. Memory at the time, gave the coincidence publicity, and Alexander Woolcott drew nation-wide attention to the incident.

It was while gaining his master's degree at Columbia University in 1928 that Professor—as he is chummily called by his students—was president of the Southern Club of the University and member of the quartet, which gave a concert at the Plaza Theater.

His tennis wallop in those days was well-known. He paired to win the Tar Heel doubles championship for five consecutive years.

A first-class carpenter in the Norfolk shipyards at the age of 15, Mr. Memory even now rushes out to

'JUST PLAIN SCIENCE'

Professor Memory, a lover of the straightforward, picked up a boy standing on the Raleigh bumming corner the other day who claimed to be a Wake Forest student.

But he suspected lying. And he asked the boy what class he was in.

"I'm a junior," he replied.

"Where do you stay?" Professor Memory quizzed.

"I commute," the boy answered. "Live in Franklinton."

"Well, who are some of your professors?"

The boy stammered.

"Er, Dr. Dunne," he said.

Memory smelled a rat. "What does he teach you?" he asked.

Hesitating again, the boy stuttered:

"Science."

"What sort of science?" Professor Memory asked.

"Oh, just science. Just plain science!" the boy said, bowing his neck.

Professor stopped the car at Person Street Pharmacy, told the boy to get out, and to tell it straight next time.

"We don't teach just plain science at Wake Forest," he said.

Thumbs and Police

A Symposium on the Raleigh bumming situation.

WHEN groups of students from North Carolina's Baptist college for men are reprimanded every night by police forces, it's time some sort of conference begins.

Raleigh citizens, complaining of bumming corner commotion late at night, have forced Raleigh police to include the corner in regular patrol beat and to request Wake Forest authorities to "take steps."

The Atlantic Greyhound dispatcher in Raleigh, contacted by THE STUDENT, termed as "quite a good suggestion" the establishment of a special Wake Forest bus to leave here at seven o'clock on week-end nights and return later in the evening. Round-trip tickets would be sold, and if coöperation is secured, special rates given.

Setting up such a system is in the hands of D. D. McAfee, Greyhound district manager in Raleigh, who is awaiting only formal campus approval.

Here's what dean, chaplain, Pan-Hellenic counell adviser, freshman advisory committee chairman, and student body president have to say about the situation:

Dr. L. Owens Rea:

The most satisfactory solution of the transportation problem is cost free 15-minute bus service with details of policemen at each terminus to deter boys in a hurry from hitching a ride during the quarter hour wait.

More seriously, let the sons of Wake Forest be gentlemen. Be courteous! Eliminate the nuisanee of noise at the "traditional bumming corner," and arrange for a "night-owl" bus to pick up the unsuecessful "thumb jerkers."

Dean Bryan:

This is a mobile generation. Some, no doubt, go too often; some perhaps not enough. The students of Wake Forest should probably not be classified among the latter.

The public, I believe, picks up students more readily than others who stand by the roadside. Such associations are sometimes mutually advantageous. Such a preferred group, however, entails some obligations—kindness, courtesy, and gratitude.

Several times every year the college is embarrassed by complaints that come from certain areas in Raleigh where students congregate for the purpose of picking up rides back to the college. The complaint generally describes the conduct as "boisterous and a nuisance." We regret this and I believe every son of the college regrets that this mode of travel brings any type of criticism to the students of the college. Unnecessary trips should be avoided and habits of courteous consideration for all concerned should be the invariable rule.

Chaplain Eugene Olive:

A student should have a good reason for going somewhere before starting out. Perhaps adherence to this would contribute something to scholarship and add to the values of a college education.

Week-ends spent in the college community with participation in worship and church activities on Sundays with one's fellow students have proved to be of tremendous and lasting benefit to thousands.

Those who find bumming advisable, due to scarcity of money and inconvenience of travel schedules, will find courtesy and gentlemanliness most valuable assets.

A partial solution of the problem might be reached by special schedules and rates from transportation companies. This might be financially profitable to the companies, and at the same time a saving in expense and time to the students.

Professor J. G. Carroll:

Bumming is absolutely necessary from the college boy's viewpoint, to save money. Those who bum when it is unnecessary, however, with nothing in view but to run over for a coke, put bumming in a bad light, and cause the criticism now current.

Some of the bummers are probably a bit too

Continued on page fifteen

Name Twins

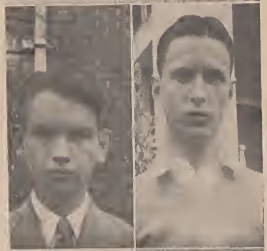
Seven pairs of Wake Forest boys go by the same name. Here they are, names reading from left to right. Numeral indicates year in school.

James H. Perry, 4
James L. Perry, 4

John D. Davis, 2
John N. Davis, 4

Charles H. Allen, 3
Charles I. Allen, 1

Walter C. Clark, 4
Walter C. Clark, 1



John Paul Jones, 3
Jones D. Jones, 2

Charles W. Morris, 1
Charles L. Morris, 4

James N. Ellis, 4
James J. Ellis, 1

INSIDE DEACONTOWN

The 17-man staff of THE STUDENT believes that the Wake Forest student body wants a magazine of current, tangible value. And so, with little regard and no apology for either continuing or breaking tradition, we shall try to bring you six issues from INSIDE DEACONTOWN.

• *We're going* to have a hard time forgetting the freshman who wrote on his matriculation card that he was staying at "Mrs. Bostwick's."

Or the one who listed Hunter as his boarding house.

• *Dr. Binkley,* in his marriage and the family class the other morning, appointed Byron Kinlaw chairman as he asked the 45-man and one girl class to elect a five-man committee.

Six were named from the floor before nominations were closed. Among the names was Chairman Kinlaw's. And one had to be culled. Byron asked the class what procedure it wished to follow, modestly joked that he thought he should be excluded.

"I second the motion," popped up Jim Bonds, and the class roared as Kinlaw, forced to put the question to a vote, saw a unanimous set of 45 hands go up against him.

• *Mary Paschal* had Sports Scribe Billy Primm profoundly worried in Dr. Pearson's history class for the first couple weeks of school.

Sandwiched alphabetically between one on the left and Primm on the right, she moved to a vacant row every time Dr. Pearson called for a pop.

Then the truth dawned. She couldn't write. For Mary's right-handed, Billy left-handed.

• *Bill Ayers,* who in our opinion is editing one of the best *Old Gold and Black's* in the paper's history,

has at least once barked up the wrong tree, according to a story let slip by his sister Virginia at Meredith.

The barking came when another Meredith girl recently visited the Ayers in their Toccoa, Georgia, home.

Reputedly an admirer of Johnny Weissmüller, Tarzan, and Superman, Bill picked the occasion to lay a 150-foot short wave aerial from atop the two-story house to the top of a giant oak in the back yard.

Neighbors, friends, and admirer formed a gallery in the yard as Bill attached one end to the house-top. That was easy enough. He crawled in and out an attic window.

In the heat of heroic accomplishment, he carried the other end with him as he clambered up the oak tree, spectators rapidly being left behind.

Near the top, though, a rotten limb broke underneath his foot. He jumped high and just reached another limb far above.

Minus the rotten limb, Bill couldn't get back down. So he stood his limb, Mrs. Ayers kept supper warm on the stove, and Dr. Ayers sent out an SOS to Toccoa painters to try to locate a long ladder. A truck hauled it in about dark.

Now Bill's sick of Hercules. We hear he doesn't even read Superman any more.

• *National Wine Week* begins October 12. We'd been wondering who takes care of labelling these 52 weeks, anyhow; and when we found out about Wine Week, we decided to get to the facts in the case.

So far as THE STUDENT has been able to determine, Wine Week is here as a mutual agreement between brewers and dealers. The fact that advertisers often overlap in their celebration, tagging two products on to the same week, supports the theory of haphazard naming of weeks.

If it's as independent as all that, we suggest a National Wake

Forest Week sometime in the very near future!

• *Among New Names* on the campus are Claude Kitchin Josey, of Scotland Neck, named after the former North Carolina Congressman and President Kitchin's brother; and John Paul Jones, transfer from Brevard.

• *Chivalrous Dr. Pearson* halted in the middle of an early-morning United States history lecture last week as a ray of sunshine settled on Phyllis Utley's blonde head.

"Would you like to move up?" Dr. Pearson asked the coach's daughter.

She assured the professor that —no, thanks, she wouldn't.

Phyllis was sitting on the back row.

• *Welcome Addition* to the faculty as instructor in philosophy, replacing Bobby Helm, is Wayne Oates.

His Wake Forest career thus far has been an illustrious one. Tapped by Golden Bough and Omicron Delta Kappa, Oates is former president of the North Carolina Baptist Student Union.

Unique is the fact that he held assistantships in three departments: English, religion, and philosophy. He was a member of the Student Council, B.S.U. Council, and vice president of Delta Kappa Alpha.

He now is pastor of churches in Nash and Franklin counties.

Adam, Meet Eve

A shipwreck brings news of death to an apt scholar of life.

ADAM was in his twenties. He lived on his island—an uncharted dot of land in the midst of a rocky ocean bottom in the South Pacific. It was a spot which sailors avoided religiously —had always avoided.

Some of his earlier memories involved something more than his island. There once had been a Man —just like Adam, only larger and wiser. The Man had said once that he was Adam's father.

Adam had meant to ask him what that meant, and where he came from; but one day The Man disappeared. Adam thought maybe he had fallen from a high cliff into the ocean.

He didn't know whether to be glad or sad. Now there'd be more to eat. For the little rocky island produced little vegetation, and there wasn't much animal life. But he began to think it had been nice, after all, to have a person around.

Adam wondered if there were any more like himself anywhere, now that the big Man was gone. Maybe that was what The Man was going to tell him once when he said there were some things Adam ought to know, and that he would soon speak to him of "important matters."

The big Man never had got around to that, and so Adam just kept on eating his fruit, roasting his meat, drinking cool water from the spring, and lying in the sun on the rocky beach wondering what was beyond that distant line where the water touched the clouds.

He'd been doing that for years and years now. He had noticed that his shadow on the sand was longer than it used to be. He guessed he was a big man now. And he thought perhaps he too would soon disappear.

One day he lay in the sun on the beach thinking these thoughts.

Suddenly in between the line of the sea and the line of the clouds drifted something that wasn't a fish.

He ran back into the underbrush as it came nearer. He hid as a battered lifeboat washed ashore, an almost naked body prostrated inside.

Much like The Man, he thought. Only different. But it was no animal. He felt no desire to eat it. Nor did he fear it.

He went closer. It breathed. It had long, red tresses of hair; its body was not sinewy, like his, but smooth, curving, and peculiarly inviting.

He lifted the closed eyelids, found pale blue eyes.

Tenderly he lifted the body from the boat and laid it beneath a shading palm. He brought cool water from the spring, and poured it down the girl's throat.

What sort of strange creature? he wondered.

For a day and night Adam brought water to the girl, and

Continued on page eighteen

THE STAFF

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DON BRADSHER, *business manager*
BILLY ELLINGTON, *art editor*

EDITORIAL

Bill Ayers, Seavy Carroll, Lee Copple, Barry Davis, Dixon Davis, Bob Gallimore, Burnette Harvy, Santford Martin, John McMillan, Billy Primm, Bob Sawyer, Jimmy Shelton, Herbert Thompson, Newbill Williamson, and Ed Wilson.

BUSINESS

Paul Bell, Walter Cashwell, Lawrence Clark, Bill Dunn, Mack Guest, Horace Miller, Johnny Walker, Ned Thomas.

WAKE FOR

It's up to 510,734 North in we dance on the East es tracks that run through almost developed in 1 er

By N IO

DANCING on the Wake Forest campus is again a closed issue. It can be revived only by student petition direct to officials of the Baptist State Convention, to meet in Asheville November 11.

And yet ruffled feelings among students, administration, trustees, and North Carolina Baptists, which followed recent spring and summer issues are not completely healed.

With the goodwill of Baptists at stake, faculty and trustees are helpless to make any move, regardless of their attitude.

It's all because of a clause in the State Convention minutes which threatens withdrawal of financial support of the college if students or faculty campaign for campus dancing.

That clause was thrown into effect in 1937, following one of the most spectacular explosions North Carolina Baptists have ever known. Since then, the Convention has annually contributed eight or nine thousand dollars to Wake Forest College.

That explosion came when the *Biblical Recorder*, State Baptist paper, led an attack on trustees and pro-dance faculty members which split North Carolina and Wake Forest as well into sweltering rival camps.

It is to guard against a similar explosion that the wishes of the Convention are being strictly adhered to by Wake Forest at this time.

Delirious Story

When the Monogram Club last spring forced the dancing issue by attempting to stage a dance in the college gymnasium, it was only one in a long series of incidents which forms a delicate, but delirious chapter of Wake Forest history.

Fraternities, admitted to the campus in 1921, and other campus groups held informal dances in Raleigh in connection with other groups until 1930.

An attempt to stage a dance in the Capital City then, under the Wake Forest name, was discouraged by the administration, with President Gaines at the head.

In 1935, however, one of the Raleigh dances was labelled as Wake Forest-sponsored, and the issue was about to reach a showdown.

Al Martin, ministerial student, conducted a successful spring campaign in 1936 for president of the student body. His main plank was dancing on the campus, to replace "bootleg" parties in Raleigh.

A mass meeting of the student body showed that 97 per cent of Wake Foresters were behind him, and he with Arch McMillan, Percival Perry, Wilbur Jolly, and Roy Liles went before the trustees at their commencement meeting, requesting that dancing be allowed on the campus, as a one-year experiment.

The request was granted by a sympathetic board of trustees.

Immediately the *Biblical Recorder* launched a vigorous editorial campaign, with the June 10 issue featuring "Scriptures Against the Dance."

The Baptist journal claimed that "we have many evidences that we are speaking for the Baptists of the State" when they reminded the public that the production of "an educated ministry, the prime purpose of Wake Forest College, cannot be realized as well in an institution that provides for dancing as in one where the emphasis is on the higher things of the spirit."

One prominent Baptist leader declared that he held no objection to Wake Foresters dancing on the town

ST DANCING

thina Baptists now whether st est side of the railroad ge Forest. A Baptist split ver this question.

N MORGAN

side of the railroad tracks. He campaigned against campus dancing.

Baptists throughout the state took the hint and in especially called associational meetings drew up resolutions condemning the trustee action, while letters poured into the *Recorder:*

". . . One cannot compromise with sin and be his best again."

". . . This is one of the natural results of the influence and example of the man in the White House in Washington (Roosevelt)."

". . . The mixed dance is a menace to social morality."

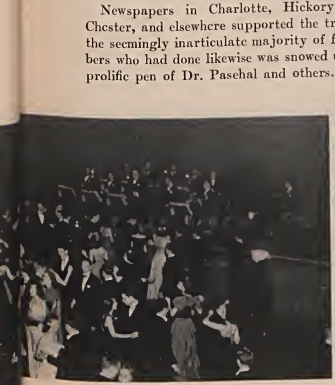
". . . I am warning a class of 12-year-old girls against the evils of today. I shall use your comments on Wake Forest dancing. I wish you would also expose the moving picture and divorce evils."

". . . The dance may only last one year, but some souls will be lost before the year is out."

Files recently made public reveal that the paper printed only several of a flood of letters denouncing their stand.

College officials cancelled trips abroad to wade through reams of resolutions which flooded their desks.

Newspapers in Charlotte, Hickory, Salisbury, Chester, and elsewhere supported the trustees, while the seemingly inarticulate majority of faculty members who had done likewise was snowed under by the prolific pen of Dr. Pasehal and others.



The state seethed with dissension as the *Biblical Recorder* headed four front page letters from four Wake Forest patriarchs—Dr. Needham Y. Gulley, then 81, Dr. J. H. Gorrell, the late Dr. J. W. Lynch, and Dr. W. R. Cullom, who declared that the trustee action was sane—with the inscription "FOUR OF THE OLD GUARD SURRENDER."

That was July 29, 1936.

Dr. Cullom remarked calmly that dancing was only "one of a thousand surface problems that confront us today."

But a split which leaders feared might never be healed had developed, and a siren call was sent out to Baptists of the state by the Convention secretary, M. A. Huggins, to "hold their peace" until the trustees met again early in September.

Wake Forest students who rushed back to the campus realized the tension centering about them, and, declaring that "dancing in Wake Forest or Raleigh is too trivial a matter to cause the crucifixion of professors and trustees" voted to "preserve peace" by withdrawing their petition for campus dancing.

The trustees accepted the withdrawal, the matter cooled, and the Convention in November 1937, passed the no-dance resolution which today prevents a re-birth of the question.

Then began the new series of Midwinter dances, held in Raleigh, with big-name bands secured by student coöperation. Becoming adjusted to the situation, student leaders still drew attention to Richmond, Guilford, and William Jewell—who foster supervised dancing on their campuses.

Bootleg Dance

Annually the prospects of forcing the issue by staging a bootleg campus dance were raised by students, and discouraged by authorities.

Paul Waivers led the Monogram Club in such an attempt in the spring of 1941. One professor, hearing

Continued on page fourteen

MOUNTAIN HONEYMOON

Headlights . . . Clouds . . . Mountains . . . A Moon . . . and Motor Throbs.

TWO GLARING HEADLIGHTS piereed the tense, warm night air as a high-powered coupe sped recklessly around treacherous mountain curves.

Slumped over the wheel inside was a pale, thin man with seared eyes which stared fixedly down the lane of his headlights.

Now and then a fleeting new moon darted out from behind low-hanging clouds.

In the vacant seat beside the driver lay a crumpled doctor's certificate. He had six months to live, the doctor had found. And those last days were to be spent in the secluded mountain tuberculosis sanatorium.

He neared a precipitous drop as the moon gave a weird, hazy gleam to a rocky river bed far below.

After all, he muttered as pent-up impulse raced through his head, six months of shadowed expectancy would be hell on earth.

The road veered sharply to the right. The river bed lay far below to the left. He closed his eyes, throttled up the ear, then jerked the wheel suddenly toward the precipice.

The twelve-cylindered car pounded, roared, and headed for the chasm. But all the mighty thunder of crashing impact cut loose before it left the road. The driver was thrown from his ripped-open car as it plowed head-on into another pair of headlights.

Dazed, he picked himself up from beside the wreckage, and saw a twisted mass of steel interlocked in the center of the highway.

The little moon filtered down. Two lifeless bodies, locked by each other's arms, hung partway out of the other car. Beneath them lay part of a door. Big chalk letters spelled "JUST MARRIED."

HUNGRY CHRISTMAS

Fritz Keifer was a German carpenter in aristocratic little Ridgedale.

NO ONE would suspect that there was a single unfed mouth in Ridgedale during the apparently prosperous holiday season. In fact, the little Southern town was noted for its aristocratic and prosperous families—that is, all but one.

But it didn't matter to the other residents when Fritz Keifer made his way down the lonely streets of Ridgedale late the evening of December 24. It didn't matter that he had been out of work; and it was of even less interest that he had three young children. There were Hermann, 11; Anna, six; and "Fritzchen," four. Only one thing mattered: that he was a German carpenter. Whether he was active or idle was beside the point.

Fritz's three-room hovel was dimly lighted that night, too. He and his wife had relinquished their customary bedroom to the kids. They wanted to sleep by the open oak-wood fire.

I was on my way to church the next morning when I passed Fritz's little house. Strange, I thought, that no juvenile shouts of glee escaped his abode, when all the other kids of the neighborhood ran through the streets in yelling frenzy. Instead, the house stood stolidly silent—like Fritz's face, and a large black car was parked just a step from the side entrance of the tiny dwelling.

. . . The organ played "Stille Nacht." Then the minister stood to pray:

". . . God," he began, "bless the home that was blighted by death last night. Little Anna, Lord, flaxen-haired and bright, was almost a stranger to us, but bless her family. It was thine own will. And we would also remember. . . ."

Somewhere across the little, aristocratic town the voices of children, the peal of church bells could be heard through the crisp winter air. It was Christmas Day.

But hunger had taken its toll of death at Fritz Keifer's lonely house.

Wake Forest Aviators "Keep 'em Flyin'"

Twenty-five men from Deacontown are active in Uncle Sam's Air Speedup.

***By* HERBERT THOMPSON**

TWENTY-FIVE Wake Forest aviators scattered at bases all over the country are doing their share to "keep 'em flying."

Major Frank Armstrong, who last Spring did observation work in London for the air corps, is now at Langley Field, Virginia. An alumnus since 1923, he is a former Deacon half-back.

Dallas Morris ('37), after his basketball days at Wake Forest, entered the Naval air corps, and is now an instructor at one of the army's largest air bases.

Ray Whitley ('41), several months after completing his required training period in the Army Air Corps, took over duties as an instructor.

Rex Dowtin ('39), and brother of Al Dowtin, alumni secretary, joined the army air corps after his graduation from Wake Forest.

In December 1939, James Wyatt Newsome ('36), and Wheeler Martin ('38), graduated with high honors from the U. S. Army acronautical school at Randolph Field, Texas, and are now doing their bit for Uncle Sam.

Harry Matthews ('39), became a teacher at Weldon High School shortly after his graduation from Wake Forest but soon traded his teacher's certificate for wings in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Also now in active duty in the air corps are Shorty Landeaster of Hamilton Field, California; Lynn Durham, law school graduate in 1938; Harold Early, class of 1940, who won high honors representing Wake Forest in the CAA meet in Raleigh in May 1940; Bruce MacDonald, a member of the class of '41, who left school before graduation to join the naval air corps.

Leon "Red" Raynor ('40), who joined naval reserve after graduation, but later transferred to the Naval air corps; Larry Pivee ('41), a former Deacon football player and track man; Francis Mackie, class of '42, who enlisted in Army air corps last spring; Charles Nanney ('42); Bill Adams ('43); and Vic Harrell ('41).

Major Frank Armstrong is shown just after he stepped from the Yankee Clipper in New York last spring. He did air observation work for the Army Air Corps in London.

This delegation is reported to be doing good work in Uncle Sam's serviee, but they are by no means the only Wake Forest representatives in the field of aeronauties. For over a quarter of a century, Wake Forest has had prominent men in the realm of aviation. Several of these men have broken and set new world records for distance flying, weight altitude flying and dare-deviltry.

Belvin Maynard, a Wake Forest alumnus nationally known as "The Flying Parson," was one of the first who beeame an outstanding figure in this field. Over two deeades ago in Franee, Maynard set a world's record for the number of consecutive loops in the air, making 318 loops in 67 minutes. And then, in October 1919, he broke the trans-continental flight record from the east to the west coast.

In this record-breaking flight, Maynard, out of 27 contestants, was the tenth to start from Roosevelt Field, Mineola, N. Y., and winged his way past the early starters to set a new world's record for the 2,701 mile trip to San Franeiseo in 25 hours of actual flying time.

At that time, Maynard was a theological student at Wake Forest Collegc. Previously, he had won the Toronto-New York aerial race—a feature event of aviation in those days.

In the spring of 1939, William Winston, class of '15, and originally from Louisburg, set a new time flight record for transcontinental flying from the Atlantie to Paeifie coast. And it was William Winston who was selected to brave the snow storms and dangers of Alaska to bring back the bodies of the late Will Rogers and Wiley Post after they had met a tragie death in the frozen country of the north. Winston

Continued on page seventeen

WAKE FOREST DANCE

Continued from page eleven

of the move, kept his daughter from plans to attend the gymnasium dance—beeause, he said, he didn't want her kicked out.

Finally the administration, in an eleventh hour move, persuaded Waivers and other leaders to abide by the Convention ruling.

The dance was held in the high school gymnasium, and the administration declared that it holds absolutely no formal objeetion to daneing exeept on college property.

Attention was drawn to the new community house, to be eompleted this winter with a 64 by 35 hardwood floor, supposedly at the serviee of dance groups here.

The spring meeting of the trustees saw the appointment of a soeial eommittee to overeome the no-danee situation. It has not yet met.

Repressed desires of the student body were aggravated by laek of offieial aetion, and tension flared when the Monogram leader, Waivers, was involved in an expulsion ineident whieh, it is now clear, aetually did develop from insubordination following fireeraeker shooting in summer school.

Realizing that student-administration relations were strained, the administration mailed to every student in August a letter stating the Convention's no-danee clause and expressing the hope that further unpleasantness may be avoided.

Wake Forest officials have seen fit to eonsider that question closed. It remains to be seen whether the student body, in the light of previous events, will do the same.

THE FROSH SPEAK

—opinions—

My pet peeve is having to take physical edueation. I'm scared. Let the ones that want to tumble, tumble. Me, I'll do something else. . . .

Duke or no Duke, Wake Forest has a great football team, and plenty of good school spirit. These pep meetings bubble you over from the inside! . . .

The band and glee club impress me as tops. I liked the way the band handled the V at the Duke game. You know—the V—for, er—er. Well, anyhow, the V. . . . —

I'm all for Wake Forest, and I'm going to do my bit to support it and its traditions. . . .

Speaking to everyone on the campus is one of the best habits I know of anywhere. It makes you feel as if you really belong here—and that's the way I feel now. . . .

College professors expect more of you than high school teachers—but Wake Forest professors are just as human and understanding as any high school teachers. I should know! . . .

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THUMBS AND POLICE

Continued from page six

persistent. But I'm not against bumming at all, for it is worth a lot to the boys.

A special bus, in relieving bumming congestion, would possibly cause more boys to bum. It might, however, be advisable.

John Elliott Galloway:

Three necessities of the present situation are that: the students bum from Raleigh to Wake Forest; citizens of Raleigh sleep and rest; and police insure their sleep and rest.

It has been suggested that we stop bumming. We will not accept this. It has been suggested that special buses operate with reduced rates between Raleigh and Wake Forest. We would accept this.

It has been suggested also that a new, well-lighted bumming corner with convenient accommodations for large numbers of Wake Forest thumbers be constructed. We would accept this.

In the meantime, we can help in maintaining quiet on the corner by temporarily resorting to the silent-action style of bumming. This method is characterized by a closed mouth and a violent sweeping, pointing gesture of the right pollex.

If you are a real Wake Forest gentleman, you will make silent-action your style of bumming while in Raleigh.

QUICK LUNCHES

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MAGAZINES

JEWELRY
PENNANTS
TOBACCOS
DRUG SUNDRIES

The Soda Shop

Requiem

(Dedicated to the late Frank Smethurst, managing editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer*.)

O sleep now and rest in the noon-bright glade,
For over your couch is a quilt soft laid—
All pieced out of sunlight and scraps of shade.

The dusk. Like a mother the woodthrush sings,
And kneeling, the sky lifts protecting wings—
Her handmaid, a planet, a candle brings.

The glory of sunrise—night's cobwebs gone.
(God pity the world and my heart this dawn—
Both waking to sorrow while you sleep on!)

EDITH EARNSHAW

A CAMPUS INTERLUDE

Joe College chanced to meet one day,
As he sliced his first hole drive,
A youth on whom a ribbon showed
"The class of forty-five."

In gracious hospitality
Joe gripped the freshman's hand.
"You did right well in coming here,
We're the finest in the land."

"My name's Joe College, son," said he,
"I've been around here quite a spell.
I'll mention you to all the profs;
You see, I know them well."

"Ye Gods," thought Joe, while marvelling
At the boy's unlearned condition.
"I'm sure glad I've come to know
The joys of erudition."

"We upper-classmen have to bear
With patience all the trials
Of showing these new men the roads,
Over difficult future miles."

Just then a Senior chanced to pass
And said, after shouting "Fore!"
"Hi, Joe, how does it feel to you
To be a sophomore?"

BURNETTE HARVEY

MAN OF THE HOUR

Continued from page five

his farm near here on spare afternoons with his wife and five-year-old boy Jappie, to "get back to nature."

Education professor, Mr. Memory is also director of the news bureau, editor of *The Alumni News*, head of the placement bureau, and an assistant in administration of Wake Forest NYA.

On the side he is secretary of the newly-formed State Merit System Council, which provides civil service examinations for 5,000 state employees.

A master of audiences, he is swamped each spring with dozens of commencement speaking invitations, and is forced to turn down many of them.

One of the most influential men in state education circles, he is former state high school inspector.

He comes from a family of Wake Foresters. His father, uncles, and brothers all attended school here. John Charles McNeill, famous Southern poet, is his mother's brother.

ANOTHER "INCIDENT"

Continued from page four

began to turn again, heading eastward, the $15,000,000 vessel slipped through the Golden Gate and docked alongside Pier 25 that afternoon.

"What made our experience so uncomfortable was the fact that we were so near and yet so far, with the possibility of being much *farther*—that is, back in Japan. And all this time we were *incommunicado;* we could neither send nor receive messages."

Although there was some complication as to what should be done with the cargo, consisting largely of silk and tea, and the ship itself, the *Tatuta Maru* was permitted, by means of special license, to deposit its cargo and refuel sufficiently for a return voyage to Yokohama.

"After disembarking at San Francisco I concluded my part of the eventful voyage," Carver chuckled, "but for the third class passengers who had booked passage down to Los Angeles the arrival in San Francisco wasn't all.

"Due to American immigration regulations, these passengers were not allowed to 'disembark' officially but were required to go on down to Los Angeles by *train* or by *bus* and there arrive at 'the port of Los Angeles'! You can be sure there were plenty of riled third class passengers."

When asked whether he thought American-Japanese relations have improved since that incident, Professor Carver replied "No."

"Fundamentally, the Japanese have not changed their attitude or policy toward the United States," he said. "In recent overtures with the United States which many Americans have interpreted as bettering relations, the Japanese have simply been pulling wool over our eyes.

"Our weakness is that our government is not forcing Japan's hand. She has deftly strung us along, and if we don't watch our step we will be the ones to 'lose face.'

"Japan's idea of dominating established civilizations and established economies by military force has to be revised before we can hope for peace in the Orient," he concluded.

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It pays to look well.
WAKE BARBER SHOP

"KEEP 'EM FLYIN' "

Continued from page thirteen

is now working with Pan-American Airways, Baltimore, Md.

In 1914, shortly after the World War broke out, Paul Rockwell, also an alumnus of Wake Forest, along with his brother Kiffin, volunteered for service in the French Flying Corps, and rendered distinguished service in this capacity.

After Armistice was declared, Paul became editor of *Escadrille La Fayette*, the aviation section of a magazine of the French army.

More recently, Major Caleb V. Haynes, LL.B., of 1917, took further steps in adding to the distinguished service already attained by Wake Forest men in aviation, when he set a world's record for weight altitude flight in his "Flying Fortress."

After his graduation from Wake Forest in 1917, Haynes saw action overseas with the American Expeditionary Forces. In 1923 he was a member of the group of pilots making the Porto Rico flight—the longest non-stop mass formation flight ever made up to that time.

Thus for the past 25 years now Wake Forest alumni have been soaring high in the realm of aviation, and with the present demand for pilots, the way is open for more Deacon airmen to follow in the wake of those who have gone before.

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ADAM, MEET EVE

Continued from page nine

watched the rise and fall of her breast as she breathed.

Then she opened her bloodshot blue eyes. She looked at Adam. Groggily she gazed up and down his tall frame. He stirred uneasily, mumbled incoherent words for the first time since The Man had disappeared.

He stooped to touch, to say, to inquire. Awkwardly he hovered above her.

She laughed weakly.

"You're funny!" she whispered. "Funny. . . ."

Adam shifted from one foot to another, helplessly.

Her eyes closed and she lapsed again into unconsciousness.

Adam renewed his watch. Another long Pacific day turned into night. Later he brought food, fed her in conscious moments.

After days she talked, weakly, and he remembered words that he and The Man had used. This must certainly be a kindred creature, he decided.

And then the girl began to walk. She cooked their meat. She drew their water.

Adam learned, devotedly, day by day, from his teacher of life. He studied intently her every move and gesture. He followed all her wishes.

One night they lay talking under the palm. Bright moonbeams and pounding surf filled their eyes and ears.

Adam asked questions. And she took up where The Man had left off. She was his tutor. But she had news. She told of fiery death and destruction and hell on earth that knew no bounds. She told of the pitting of man against man, woman against woman, and child against child in a struggle to the end. She talked of themselves.

And then she took him by the hand, pulled him gently up the path to their little hut. The Last Woman was beginning a new world with The Last Man.

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PIPE MAKES AUNT CRY "UNCLE!" —*but her nephew's out of the dog house now!*

HECTOR BOARDED (free of charge) with his rich old aunt. But his pipe smelled like a Fourth-of-July punk, and one day it made *her* explode. She chased him out for good.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL there's a way to get mentioned in it. Hector switched to Sir Walter, the *mild* blend of fragrant burleys . . . and see how it worked! Try it, men. 50 pipe loads, 15¢.

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Join up with that ever-growing army of Camel fans now. Enjoy the cool, flavorful taste of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Enjoy smoking pleasure at its best—extra mildness with less nicotine in the smoke (*see left*).

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

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than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!* The *smoke's* the thing!

SEND HIM A CARTON OF CAMELS TODAY. For that chap in O. D. or blue who's waiting to hear from you, why not send him a carton or two of Camels today? He'll appreciate your picking the brand that the men in the service prefer...Camels. Remember—send him a carton of Camels today.

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BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

The STUDENT

WAKE FOREST vs. DAVIDSON

Story on page 10

November 1941

XSB2C-1—It's the Navy's new dive-bombing sensation—Test Pilot Bill Ward at the stick

HOW DOES IT FEEL to dive *straight down* from several miles up? Bill Ward knows. He's the test pilot who put this amazing new Curtiss dive bomber through her paces for the Navy. That's Bill *(left, above)* smoking his *(and the Navy man's)* favorite cigarette. He'll tell you—

"YOUR EARS CRACKLE and pop. You think," says Bill, "the whole world's trying to squeeze the daylights out of you. You think maybe they *have*, if things go a little foggy or dark when you're pulling out of your dive." After a ride like that, a Camel tastes mighty welcome.

NOTHING COMES EVEN CLOSE TO CAMELS WITH ME. THEY'RE **MILDER** BY FAR. AND, MAN, WHAT A SWELL **FLAVOR**

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Test Pilot Bill Ward shares the Navy man's preference for the cigarette of costlier tobaccos... Camel

SPEAKING of tests, Bill Ward adds: "Those recent laboratory tests showing less nicotine in the smoke of Camels only go to prove what I've always found in my smoking—Camels are milder in *lots of ways*. That's what counts with me."

Light up a Camel yourself. You'll know in the first few flavorful puffs why, with men in the service*... with the millions behind them... it's Camels. (*Based on actual sales records in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.)

The STUDENT

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VOL. LVIII NOVEMBER 1941 No. 2

To the Student Body:

LAST MONTH we wrote about dancing on the campus. We intended that story to serve as an entrée to a quiet, calm promotion of the movement for dancing.

That story fell into the hands of several sympathetic Baptist State Convention leaders who, we feel, are the only men able successfully to promote campus dancing before the Convention. The path was opened for us to approach them on the matter.

And so we laid before the Student Council a plan, to be sponsored by THE STUDENT, by which these Convention leaders have been encouraged to do all in their power to turn the Convention in our favor. Included in that plan was a student ballot, designed to show the desire of the majority of the student body that dancing be allowed.

We were attempting to carry further the work of the student, faculty, and trustee committee, which, with its hands tied by the Convention, is unable to influence officially that group for the cause of dancing. We ourselves are a member of that committee which, although discussing the issue, realize that we were appointed with no power to take action on campus dancing.

Our plan was unanimously approved by the Council, demonstrating, we believe, the desire of the average student that the issue be kept alive in the minds of those who have the power to allow it.

Then we took our appeal to two Convention leaders, who as we go to press are quietly working in an effort to bring to the favorable attention of an appropriate committee of the Convention this clause:

"We believe that the trustees and administration of the various Baptist colleges of the state are best acquainted with the conditions which prevail on their campuses. The control of social and recreational conditions on the campuses shall, therefore, be held by the trustees and administration of the respective colleges."

Sounds reasonable enough, doesn't it?

The men working on this clause agreed that a ballot might sound a warning bell for the opposition and lead to a bitter Convention campaign. So this phase of the plan was abandoned.

The rest, however, is in full swing.

The Convention will meet while this magazine is rolling off the presses. We cannot say whether campus dancing is meeting with any degree of official approval.

But we want to emphasize that this is a long-distance campaign. These leaders who are working for us will not storm Convention gates and retire defeated if they are not successful.

They will, rather, get a second wind and continue the struggle for their alma mater. It takes a little time to move over 500,000 Baptists.

But we believe the only method by which success will eventually be attained has been undertaken. In 1919 North Carolina Baptists were fighting Wake Forest fraternities harder than they have ever fought dancing. Two years later the Greek letter groups were allowed.

We want you to know that campus dancing is being fought for by those most likely to succeed. Action is being taken. We can best attain our end by quietly waiting. All that is possible is being done.

Let's hold tight!

—THE EDITOR.

Arthur Young, Wake Forest's number one popular composer, was snapped taking it easy in his front yard after Sunday dinner.

"Let's Call It Love"

Here's a typical success story that's grown up right in front of our eyes. The hero is Arthur Young, Negro composer.

IF ANYTIME in the next month or two you hear a racy little bunch of harmony coming from your loud-speaker and you think you might like to know the guy that wrote the song, you needn't travel far.

Exactly one block east of Simmons Dorm and fraternity row lives one of the most entertaining men in the man's town of Wake Forest.

He's Arthur Young, 44, a professor in season at the Negro Presbyterian Academy, a super bridge player, and incidentally a successful composer of popular songs.

Being published this month by Hollywood's National Songwriters' Guild is "Let's Call It Love," written by Young and arranged by Ted Duncan, assistant to John Scott Trotter. The guild termed it one of the five best songs published over the 60-day period, predicted hitdom.

Arthur started writing songs back in 1926. By nature he's full of that instinctive musical genius so characteristic of his race. But it's hard for a popular song writer to make a break into a crowded field.

Working in New York from 1927 until 1930 as a postal clerk, Arthur paced the Manhattan theater district striving to get his start. He played lots of his melodies for publishers. But none ever quite made the grade.

He tried the same routine in Washington while he worked in the government printing office and the Veterans' Bureau. It was no go.

So he came back home to Wake Forest, where his father is head of a rambling academy for Negro Presbyterians. He took up work teaching math and music, and on the side he read every songwriters' manual he could find, studied the how and why of composition.

There were a couple times he was fooled by phony song publishers. He thought he'd made good, only to find that publishing a song to those fellows meant only printing. He had yet to learn that legitimate song publishers make no charge whatever to composers.

Struggling on with his songs, he joined the National Guild and began to fit his music to lyrics sent him by other members.

Mary Gorman, white secretary to a leading Richmond businessman, has a knack for lyrics, and mailed Arthur her best after receiving his name through the Guild.

He found his best melody fitted it, mailed it to Hollywood. Without a change, "Let's Call It Love" went on the Guild presses, following "Glory Be to Love" and "Knee Deep in Stardust," both Guild productions.

Mary decided that with such luck at the start, the two should get together and try some more. So she wrote she would come down to see Arthur. It was then he remembered he hadn't told her about their difference in race.

Rushing back an enlightening reply, Arthur wondered if Mary would consider herself rebuffed. But not at all. She plans to come soon and visit white friends in Wake Forest, working with Arthur at the Academy on their songs.

Now there are other irons in the fire for the pair. Carmen Lombardo has one of their compositions, and two more have been submitted to Sigmund Spaith, the nation's ace song detective.

Continued on page sixteen

Sing of Wake Forest

There's a new voice leading Wake Forest music now. But Thane McDonald is just carrying forward and higher the musical traditions for which the college has long been noted.

ONE HOT, musty night last August a full house of Negro Baptists in a little ramshackle church this side of Franklinton just couldn't settle down to listen to the preacher. They had turned their revival service into an old-time songfest.

Across the highway Thane McDonald had stopped his car at a filling station to buy two-year-old Margaret Anne McDonald an ice cream cone and to give his motor time to cool.

McDonald, with his master of music degree and his six-year record as a professor of music at the University of Michigan, Davidson, and now Wake Forest, couldn't help admiring the lusty chorus in the lamplit Negro church. He wandered across the way, left his wife and Margaret Anne to nibble on the ice cream cones.

Two of the Negro deacons were cooling off out on the church steps. McDonald sat down with them, told them he was from Wake Forest and wanted to listen for a few minutes.

It was a free-for-all songfest, and the deacons, anxious to please their college visitor, asked him if there wasn't some song he'd like to hear.

Two minutes later McDonald was being shoved up to the front, introduced to the body of darkies, and asked to seat himself at the tumble-down piano and lead in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Wife and daughter were called in, made guests of honor, and Wake Forest's new director of music led his vibrant body of singers through many of their best-known spirituals.

The deacons and their brethren never knew their songleader was the official number one Wake Forest College musician. But they knew he was a Wake Forester. And they took for granted everybody from Wake Forest can sing.

For singing at Wake Forest is a historic tradition.

It all began on a night back in November 1903 when Darius Eatman, Wake Forest education professor, sent out a call for boys who could sing.

"Wake Forest needs a glee club," he told the men who answered his call. "And we're going to have one. We want music to become a vital part of our college life."

And it has. Since that first 15-man group that Eatman formed there has followed a steady stream of glee clubs which have distinguished the college.

Dr. Hubert Poteat, student leader of that first club, told how in Greenville, local promoters arranged for the club to perform in a rickety hall above a livery stable—the only room in town large enough. One coal stove in a corner of the room made little impression against the cold blast rushing in between cracks in the windows and doors. Even the air, though, couldn't blow away the stench that rose from below; the howling of the wind couldn't drown out the sound of horses who awoke from nightmares with vociferous neighings during the most gentle bars of the music. Most of the club was shivering in overcoats during

Continued on page fifteen

Last year's glee club, directed by Raleigh's Frederick Stanley Smith, is shown in action at one of the most successful Christmas recitals ever held here.

Pickpocket Deluxe

In which we find that crime does not pay . . . often.

***By* NEWBILL WILLIAMSON**

IT WAS out of pure gratitude that Beans Dickerson screeched his collegiate Model-A to the curb. After all, he could well remember when he had stood for long night hours in dinky towns plying a freezing thumb to the hurried motorists in a desperate effort to hitch-hike home. And this fellow looked respectable enough.

"Going as far as Newborough?" the bummer asked.

"Well, I'm headed that way but can't swear how far I'll get in this baby," Beans assured him. "Hop in."

Into the back seat went coats and pants and overcoat, up on the pile of dirty clothes stacked to the windows.

"Guess I can find room for you. It's sorta lonesome in here with nothing to talk to but some filthy shirts and socks and underwear."

The stranger settled in the front seat.

"Do you live in Newborough?" Beans inquired, to start a conversation.

"Well, I did a year ago, until I had to leave. I haven't been back since. Haven't had a chance."

"Been busy working?"

"No, not exactly. I've been spending my time in Chester on a little stretch there in the State pen. I got out this afternoon."

Beans was shocked and found it difficult to suppress his bewilderment. Immediately he was frightened. Through his mind went whirls of ideas. The stranger spoke.

"Yeah, I was cooped up for twelve months. This afternoon, when they released me, I made a resolution that from now on I'm really going straight. I'm tired of being caught."

Beans was pondering what to say. The rider expected something.

"Er-er—what did you—what was your charge?"

"Oh, I was a professional pickpocket until I slipped. Now I'm through."

It was some fifty miles to Newborough on a road that stretched straight and lonesomely thirty miles out of Paeecrton. Beans began to ponder the words of the stranger. He couldn't believe he wouldn't be robbed. He kept picturing himself unconscious beside the highway while the pickpocket took off in the Model-A. There was only one chance. He had to find some excuse to stop in Paeecrton. That would be difficult.

He struck up the talk again. He made wild tales about the football game at Jackson U., about dormitory gags, publication bull sessions. He mashed the accelerator. Slowly he sped up. Soon he was doing sixty. He held it.

It wasn't long before the howl of the speed cop's siren swelled up behind him.

"Pull over, buddy."

For a moment Beans was inclined to tell the officer about his companion. But during that moment he came to the realization that after all, the pickpocket might have reformed. Anyway, he could be relieved of him by having to take up the ticket in Paeecrton. After all, his rider need never know that he didn't trust him. They were too close to town for him to try to pull anything then.

Beans stepped out of the flivver to meet the policeman halfway. He was afraid the bummer would see the gleam in his eye as the ticket was written. The stranger got out and followed. Beans tingled with nervousness.

"Drive into town and fix this up, pal, and watch your speed. This thing won't stand up long going that fast."

Under his breath Beans muttered a warm "thank you."

There was little chatter between the stranger and Beans as they eased into Paeecrton.

Before the police court he pulled up.

"Well, I guess this is as far as I go for the present. Wish I could take you on in to Newborough."

"What are you stopping here for?"

"You saw that cop give me a ticket, didn't you?"

"Oh, that," the stranger laughed. "As far as that is concerned, you have no worries in the world."

He handed Beans a slip of paper.

The pickpocket had broken his resolution. It was the cop's copy of the ticket.

MAN OF THE HOUR

THE NUMBER eleven Shriner of the nation once won the presidency of the Eu Society although every ministerial student but one organized to campaign against him.

Dr. Hubert Poteat, professor of Latin at Wake Forest since 1912, last summer was elected Imperial Outer Guard of the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine, succeeding Harold Lloyd, Hollywood producer.

This means that after ten years of automatic progression, he will be Imperial Potentate, head of 300,000 North American Shriners.

As for the Eu campaign, that was back in 1905. Society politics were hot then. Half the Eus were preachers, and wanted one of their men for president; but the other half wanted Poteat. Turning the tide was Charlie Leonard, now a missionary to China, who left the ministerial ranks and became campaign manager for Poteat.

"Things got so hot," Dr. Poteat told THE STUDENT, "that I literally had to get out of town on election day. My opponent was a married minister with children. But when I came back to Wake Forest next day, Charlie met me at the station and said we'd won."

Society work was just a part of Dr. Poteat's Wake Forest career. A leader of early glee clubs and orchestras, he won the first Southern Intercollegiate Tennis Championship, was president of the Y.M.C.A., an editor of the yearbook, and played baseball and basketball.

He wrote the Eu Society initiation, a large part of which is used today. An extensive series of freshman rites were held one dark night far back in the woods of Wake Forest, with Poteat administering his initiation ceremonies. Suddenly the group, carrying torches and pistols with which to scare the neophytes, bumped into some 'possum hunters who innocently had set loose a volley of shots.

Not knowing what they had encountered one of the Eus shouted at the shrouded hunters:

"Halt on peril of your life!"

The hounds set up a series of vicious howls and raised terror among the Euzelians until both groups realized mutual intentions were innocent. No Ku Klux Klan, Poteat explained, just Eus.

Dr. Poteat didn't lose a single day in entering Masonic work. He put in his application on the day that he became 21—and his interest has never lagged.

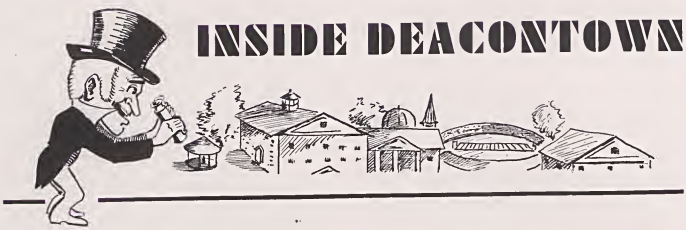
Since then his activities have been in many fields. Local choir director and church organist for almost 30 years, he nursed the glee club over a period of 15 years into a North Carolina tradition. Since 1924 he has been Latin professor at the summer session of Columbia University. He has published seven books.

His Masonic career, which led indirectly to this honor, has been a brilliant one. He is past Master of the Wake Forest Lodge. In 1923, at the age of 36, he became the second youngest Grand Master in the history of the North Carolina Grand Lodge, and in 1930 he was elected Illustrious Potentate of Sudan Temple, the highest office within the gift of his Temple. He is a Thirty-third degree Mason.

One of the nation's most widely-known speakers, he spends a great deal of his time in travel over the country. Late this month, for instance, he will address the National Interfraternity Conference at New York's Commodore Hotel. He is well qualified to do so—as member of Omicron Delta Kappa, Phi Beta Kappa, and executive councilor of Kappa Alpha.

A couple weeks ago, he made his first plane trip to fill an engagement in Syracuse.

But back home in Wake Forest we just call him "Dr. Hubert" and recognize in him a cornerstone of the college.



• *On the cover* this month is Dormitory Row at Davidson. Tie-in is with the feature story on page 10, in which we give the low-down on the athletic break-off two years ago, decide that it's all over now, and wonder if it isn't time to call a truce.

We're indebted to John MacLeod, manager of alumni work at Davidson, for photographs.

• *Slickest publicity gag* of the school year was pulled by industrious Student Political Union president Chet Morrison in October. Not content with his successful attempt to bring Ambassador Josephus Daniels to the campus under SPU auspices, Morrison indirectly caused the non-fraternity organization to receive its biggest boost when he presented honorary membership to the Ambassador through Bruce Brown, vice president of the SPU.

In a smoothly-handled ceremony after Daniels' speech, Brown presented the North Carolinian a card signifying his membership. Daniels rose and graciously accepted the honor, praising the slogan of the SPU, "Equality for all."

• *Connecticut Yankee* John Conley narrowly averted a second civil war when in Professor Hagood's American literature class one recent early morning he fired a verbal shot which, if not heard round the world, at least reverberated pretty thoroughly in the classroom.

The New Englander, reputed to have a vague knowledge of the general location of South Carolina, interrupted Hagood in his discussion of the Boston and Charleston tea parties preceding the Revolution.

Soberly and sincerely, Conley asked the professor:

"Charleston—where's that?"

• *Running a good chance* of success, according to Dean Bryan, is the ROTC campaign conducted so fervently through the *Old Gold and Black* by Bill Ayers.

Bill even went so far as to make an unauthorized appointment for the college administration with Colonel Richmond, Southeastern ROTC head, when the latter scheduled a visit to Raleigh.

Some member of the faculty would fill the date, Ayers told Richmond. Dean Bryan did, filed official application for a Wake Forest ROTC unit, and red tape is being slowly unwound. A governmental appropriation is necessary.

Application for another military unit for Deacontown is ahead of this, however. Chances for the erection of an armory here are still better, Bryan says.

The armory would not only supply a base for the ROTC unit, if granted, but would probably end for a decade or two the unparalleled unrest on the question of dancing in Wake Forest. The floor, according to plans drawn up by National Guard unit leader Wilkinson, would be better suited to dance needs of Wake Forest students than that of the gymnasium.

The armory appropriation may come any day now.

• *N.B.: the English department:*

One of last spring's graduates dropped us a card the other day saying that he is "classificated in 4-D."

• *A tri-cornered class argument* reached amusing proportions the other day when usually proficient student Everette Berger, of basketball fame, had trouble with a couple of French phrases that Professor Seibert was dishing out.

Seibert thought the phrases were mighty simple, and treated Berger's stumbling over them lightly. But Lefty was dead-earnest. He kept trying. An innocent freshman sitting behind him got the giggles and couldn't control them.

The giggles got on Berger's nerves. So methodically he turned around, told the freshman to "Shut up or I'll flat you," then gave his attention to Seibert and quickly cleared up his difficulties.

• *We nominate* as most impressive religious stimulus given the Wake

Forest student body in one sentence this fall that of Charles Wells, hardened foreign correspondent, lecturer, cartoonist, and author, who told us in a morning convocation that:

"This soul stuff—you've gotta have it."

• *A literary society initiation* the like of which hasn't been seen on the campus since compulsory membership was abandoned in the early twenties was given 35 Philomathesians some Monday nights ago.

Blindfolded all were led in snake lines through the woods and across the golf course to the hill above the lake, where initiation rites of the historic society were performed.

SPUman Bob Wilson tried some fancy stuff with his line, overshot the lake, and got his snake line doing circles to cover up the fact that he was going backwards to the lake.

One touch to the rebirth of initiation significance that was never before present with the 107-year-old literary societies was the fact that Phi co-eds Lib Jones and Jo Holding led a couple of lines of neophytes over the hills. Robed in red, they threw the modernistic touch into the historic rites.

• *Most pitiful sight* of Homecoming week-end: the proud freshman, escorting his girl down into the third row at the Carolina game, who in an attempt to overlook the loud ribbings of his classmates stumbled and fell flat into the laps of two seated blondes.

• *One of State College's gag exhibits* in the long parade which preceded the Deacon-Wolfpack football game was a "Wake Forest deacon" being dragged along the street.

An elderly lady bystander was heard to remark in chagrin:

"Oh, that's just too sacrilegious!"

• *Deacontown cinema fans* will soon see the unbelievable but true. According to Hollywood press releases, Dorothy Lamour will soon make a sarongless appearance in "The Fleet's In," and Laraine Day, killed off in the last Kildare series, will discard her nurse's uniform to appear with Edward G. Robinson in "Unholy Partners."

• *Chimes don't ring* out our class periods now because three sets of amplifiers necessary for sound-direction aren't on hand. Two thousand dollars is necessary to complete the gift of the Donald L. Pfohl Memorial Chimes, and it hasn't been raised by the college yet. Formerly in charge of the campaign was Dr. Nevil Isbell. Somebody, we hope, is still trying to raise the money.

• *Thane McDonald* has three visions for the future of Wake Forest's music department: number one is the donation by the Carnegie Foundation of one of their music libraries. Application is being made for the thousand records, several hundred books, and record player.

Number two is the formation of an honorary music fraternity on the campus. Director McDonald would favor the eventual transition into a national—Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia. He was a charter member of the Davidson Chapter of the fraternity.

Other objective the music director has set is the formation of a little symphony, which would grow from the 15-piece orchestra to perform at Christmas musical festivities December 10.

Meanwhile, he is carrying on the largest teaching schedule in Wake Forest music history. A major and minor are offered in the department, with 51 hours available each year.

A middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window and into a garbage can. A Chinese passing remarked: "Amelicans velly wasteful. That woman good for 10 years yet."—*Clipped.*

Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church, which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying on the grass. So she picked it up, like the good little girl she was, and when it became well and strong again, she let it fly away into the big blue sky. Now, youse guys, let's see you try to make something dirty out of this one.—*Clipped.*

During a grouse hunt two sportsmen were shooting at a clump of trees near a stone. Suddenly a red face popped over the top of the wall.

"Curse you, you almost hit my wife!"

"Did I?" cried the man aghast. "I'm terribly sorry—have a shot at mine over there."—*Clipped.*

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DON BRADSHER, *business manager*

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Paul Bell, Walter Cashwell, Lawrence Clark, Bill Dunne, Mack Guest, Horace Miller, and Ned Thomas.

All complaints concerning unsigned articles should be addressed to THE EDITOR, Box 924.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
Department of Athletics

November 6, 1941

To THE STUDENT:

I think the athletic break between Davidson and Wake Forest was unfortunate, and I would be glad to see the two schools get together again. We'd be willing to have a conference about the situation if the Davidson officials are willing to discuss the matter.

Sincerely yours,
JIM WEAVER,
Director of Athletics.

The Office of the President

To THE STUDENT:

It is a disadvantage that two schools so closely related as Davidson and Wake Forest fail to meet in athletic competition. I sincerely hope that the breach may be healed.

Yours truly,
THURMAN D. KITCHIN,
President of the College.

Wake Fores

**Two years ago s
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what folks want**

By NE

TWO YEARS ago the student bodies and alumni of Davidson and Wake Forest College were told that the athletic rivalry of the two schools, over 40 years old, was to be discontinued.

Something was said about de-emphasis of athletics at Davidson and renewed stress on sports at Wake Forest. It seemed that Davidson's athletic committee, long used to Wake Forest as a parallel in many fields, couldn't swallow the new Deacon athletic program, and thought it best to remove what might become a source of friction—competition on the gridiron.

Then Coach Jim Weaver at Wake Forest decided that if Davidson had decided against playing Wake Forest in football, the same reasons would apply to basketball and baseball; so these sports were dropped between the two schools.

Sensational sports columnists of the State came forward with these suggestions in one of the most useless whisper campaigns of their careers:

1. Said the sports writers: Jim Dowdy came to Wake Forest after three days at Davidson. The Deacons must have swiped him. Therefore the two schools are mad with each other.

2. Wake Forest has signed a ten-year Thanksgiving Day lease on Charlotte's American Legion Stadium, 19 miles from Davidson. That was a direct move by the Baptists against the Presbyterians.

3. Somebody in one athletic department was mad with somebody in the other athletic department. It was a personal gradudge.

No facts were available to the general public. Alumni complained, students wondered, heard explanations, and still wondered.

Davidson and Wake Forest, built within three years of each other, burned partially during the same years, and always congenial, proceeded to have nothing to do with each other on the athletic field.

Thus new men coming to both schools knew less of the other college, and Presbyterians and Baptists drifted farther and farther away.

Today few of us know much of the situation. Many care little. But all recognize it as an unhealthy condition which should be remedied.

Here are the facts, one by one, *not* as given by the columnists:

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The President
Davidson College
Davidson, N. C.

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THE WA

...vs. Davidson

...ng happened and ...had parallel his- ...ions quit playing ...e story of what ...s stand now, and ...about things.

...RGAN

1. Officials of both schools have clearly understood that Dowdy transferred to Wake Forest entirely of his own free will and not because of any burglar policy of the Deacon men.

2. Coach Jim Weaver's lease on the Charlotte stadium, it was learned from Marvin Ray, manager, was voluntarily handed back by Weaver to Ray after the efforts of Davidson College to obtain the stadium.

"Here, you've got both copies of the contract," Weaver told Ray. "If Davidson has the right, go ahead. We'll be glad to concede if they have a fairer claim. It was above board, fair and square.

3. Admittedly, no personal animosity exists between the athletic staffs of the two colleges at this time. Thane McDonald, Davidson's musical gift to Wake Forest, tells of the goodwill held for all Wake Forest officials by Davidsonians, realizes that it is reciprocated, and has told THE STUDENT that he hopes athletic relations may be resumed.

Davidson plays The Citadel in the Charlotte stadium November 20. Wake Forest meets Texas Tech there November 29.

Stadium Manager Ray said that both colleges were theoretically entitled to complain at the closeness of the dates, and possible interference with attendance.

He approached both athletic departments. Neither, he said, chose to register any official complaint.

It looks as though any basis which at one time might have existed for an athletic vacuum between the two schools has been outgrown. An unfortunate series of incidents was aggravated by some personal animosity.

We believe that the student bodies and alumni of the two colleges should no longer bear the brunt of those incidents and those personal feelings.

The joining of hands of the two "sister colleges" is the natural next step. The time is ripe for those who favor healthy rivalry on the gridiron, the basketball floor, and the baseball diamond to demand it.

Let's get together again!

...UNION

...don't know why ...ball relations. We ...nt good feeling of ...in an effort to re- ... Unofficially, un- ...ld Davidson resume ... schedule? Please

...REST STUDENT.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE

The Student Magazine,
Wake Forest, N. C.

Dear Mr. Morgan:

I received your telegram yesterday afternoon and trust that this reply reaches you in time for such use as you have in mind.

Will you let me summarize my own feelings in what I conceive to be the spirit of Davidson College in saying that we look upon Wake Forest as a sister institution in the field of Christian Education—an institution which has stood with us in the State of North Carolina for over a hundred years—and would look forward eagerly to the continuance of the happiest and most wholesome relationships in the future. In the years to come I shall be very happy if we find ourselves bound together with ever strengthening bonds of Christian friendship and happy association.

Cordially yours,

J. R. CUNNINGHAM,
President.

Good-bye, John

***By* BILL AYERS**

Mac finds that collegiate time has already marched on.

MAC had come back to visit the old school before entering the Naval Reserve. He walked into the office of the college newspaper. "I wish I were back here again as editor this year," he thought when he entered the door. "Those were great days."

"Mac!" voices greeted him. Typewriters stopped their clack, chairs scraped back and the boys stood up to shake his hand. He smiled, he laughed, he told his jokes.

"I'm leaving for the navy tonight," he said later.

"Where's John?" Mac asked. John was a good fellow. He was probably making a good editor.

Mac remembered the first night John had come into the office. John was a frightened freshman, his hands shaking, his voice trembling when he spoke. "Could I work on the paper?" he asked seriously and his eyes were darting up and down. Mac had done his best to put him at ease.

Mac thought he would have to rewrite the freshman's first story, but he was surprised. It was good. He told John this, and John blushed. John had remained the same—always modest, almost shy, always courteous.

He had worked hard during his first three years in school. You could always depend on him, too. If he did make a mistake, you could tell him about it, and the mistake would never appear again. He didn't swear when you corrected him. In fact, Mac remember, John rarely ever swore. Mac had been glad to recommend him for editor.

"Where's John?" Mac asked.

"He said he'd be in a little late tonight," one of the boys answered.

Then John strode in. "Hello, Mac!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Glad to see you back. Are you going to be here long?" He slapped Mac on the back.

"I'm leaving tonight," Mac replied.

"Too bad you can't stay longer," John said. "Well, if you'll pardon me, I've got to put out a paper."

"Sure," Mac agreed.

John went over to his chair, leaned back against the wall and lighted a cigarette. "Walker, where's that story you promised?"

He turned to Mac. "The boys just won't work for *me* this year," he explained.

Someone knocked at the door. "Come in!" John shouted and propped his feet on the desk.

A boy entered—a freshman, wearing his first year badge. He walked up to John's desk. "Could I work on the paper this year?" the boy asked. His hands shook, his voice trembled and his eyes darted up and down.

"Sorry," John answered without looking up. "We can't use anyone else now."

"Oh," the boy said, "oh." He turned and walked from the room. Mac saw tears in his eyes.

"Damn freshman," John muttered and crushed his cigarette contemptuously. He took a pencil from his drawer and began to read copy.

"Jim!" John's voice shot out. The reporter looked quickly up from his typewriter. "You'll have to do this story over again." He took the article, tore it into bits and threw the remains toward a wastebasket.

"All right," Jim sighed.

Mac looked at the reporter. Then he looked steadily

Continued on page sixteen

Four of our hardest hitting pigskin heroes were overheard at the pledge dance Homecoming night comparing the live spirit of the Carolina stands that afternoon with a somewhat sullen and unresponsive bunch of Wake Foresters in the South stands.

Our cheer leaders weren't able to get much out of us that afternoon. And we're afraid that's the increasing tendency. Sure—we yelled when Herb caught that goalline pass. But even the Carolina fans admired that play.

It's possible we're getting to be too great connoisseurs of football to participate in the menial routine of school spirit. But it's more likely that increased stress on Wake Forest's athletic program has given us the impression that the boys in old gold and black aren't fighting so intimately for us or the school.

That's a hell of an attitude for us to take!

In the Army Now

If figures prove anything, your chances of winning your argument with Uncle Sam and his draft are about two out of three.

(This is the second in a series of stories on the American defense program from the Wake Forest student's angle. Ed.)

IF YOU'RE NOT at Wake Forest next year, the chances are:

One in four that you'll be in military service.

One in five that you'll be preaching or studying for the ministry.

One in six that you'll be engaged in medical study or some branch of defense-related projects which will exclude you from the draft.

And one in seven that you'll be teaching or studying law.

At least that's the way things came out for last spring's graduating class. A postal poll among the more than 130 boys showed a disruption of normal post-college life which has thrown firmly-established ratios for occupational guesses haywire.

Twenty-two per cent of the men are now in the Service: ten per cent in the army, seven per cent in the navy, and five per cent in reserve training.

Those deferred due to military training or other vital occupations make up 19 per cent of the graduates. Twenty-four per cent expect to enter the service soon, either via the draft route or by the med corps route.

Those who definitely expect to be relieved of actual military service, principally ministerial students and those who through registration have found themselves in the lower draft groups, compose the remaining 35 per cent of the class of 1941.

The occupational status quo has thrown the various groups into this relationship.

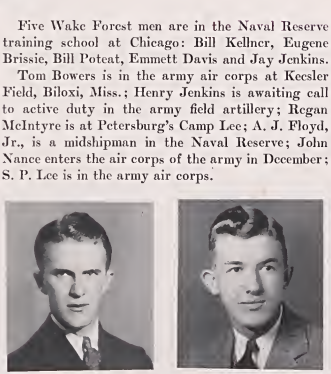
1941 Graduates

	Per Cent		Per Cent
Those in service	22	In other med. schools	5
Ministerial students	20	Studying law	5
Those teaching	15	Graduate students	2
In Bowman Gray med. school	14	Other occupations	17

Among last spring's seniors now in the service are the class president, Archie McMillan, stationed at Parris Island, S. C., with the Marine Corps; L. T. Weede, Jr., with the Naval Reserve air corps at Chicago; Ensigh Horace Chamblee, abord the U.S.S. *Patoka;* and Larry Pivee, entering the Naval Reserve officers' training school.

Five Wake Forest men are in the Naval Reserve training school at Chicago: Bill Kellner, Eugene Brissie, Bill Poteat, Emmett Davis and Jay Jenkins.

Tom Bowers is in the army air corps at Keesler Field, Biloxi, Miss.; Henry Jenkins is awaiting call to active duty in the army field artillery; Regan McIntyre is at Petersburg's Camp Lee; A. J. Floyd, Jr., is a midshipman in the Naval Reserve; John Nance enters the air corps of the army in December; S. P. Lee is in the army air corps.



Gone with the draft are these two boys, at Wake Forest last spring, now both in the Naval Reserve Training School at Chicago. *Left:* Eugene Brissie, '39-'40 editor of The Student, and *Right:* Emmett Davis, musician deluxe.

A story just released on the earliest days of the war concerns an officer in charge of a British station in the heart of Africa. The officer received the following wireless message from his superior officer:

"War declared: arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

With commendable promptness the superior officer received this reply:

"Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, two Frenchmen, four Italians, one Austrian, two Russians, and an American. Please say with whom we are at war."—*Clipped.*

"There's a story been going around the faculty about the absent-minded wife. It seems that the professor had just returned from a hard day's work and after dinner he and his wife settled down in the living room to enjoy the radio. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. "My husband!" the absent-minded wife gasped. 'My God!' said the professor and jumped out the window."—*Log.*

Peanuts, Five Cents!

A gentleman of the campus confides his life history and tells how to solve various complications.

***By* BILL AYERS**

THE MOST conscientious and hardest working business man in America today is a daily visitor on the Wake Forest campus. Furthermore, according to that business man, he is also a gentleman.

"I can speak good English," he claims.

The man is Charlie Raymond; that name means nothing to Wake Foresters. His nickname does, though. The man is Peanut, and all Deacontowners know Peanut, that pestering, persistent vendor who is just as much a college institution as the magnolia trees under which he daily scurries.

Peanut began selling his products here back in 1928. From 1931 to 1940 he was in Franklin, Va. "I was connected with the PWA there," Peanut explains. "It was very interesting work. I made many friends draining swamps and saw human nature."

When he came back to Wake Forest last year things had changed. "For one thing the boys were more polite. They ain't never—haven't never robbed me like one fellow did in 1930. It makes a gentleman feel good to be treated good by other young gentlemen," says Peanut, who claims he is only 27 years old.

Peanut business is not as good as it used to be. "The economic situation is wrong. Everybody goes to Raleigh to buy things, even their peanuts," is what the vendor says.

"I don't guess I'll ever be able to do what I did at the Duke game in 1931. Those were good days. At that game I sold $200 worth of peanuts. Fourteen boys helped me and just to show them how much of a gentleman I am I gave them $5.00 apiece."

Peanut lives on White Oak Road in Raleigh. Every morning at exactly 4 o'clock he rises, tucks his peanut basket under his arm and hitch-hikes to Wake Forest. He spends the day here; then he bums to Apex where he sells more peanuts until 12:15 o'clock at night. "It's hard work," Peanut says, "but life is good to me. I know I'm working hard at the honorable business of peanut selling. Honesty is the best policy, my PWA boss used to say."

Peanut makes an average of $4.00 a day, and of his weekly income he spends only $2.00—he buys a sandwich and glass of milk for lunch and spends ten cents for the city bus in Raleigh each day.

"I turn the rest of my money over to my old mother. I've got a brother who makes more than I do, but he doesn't know the value of cash."

Peanut just wants to spend the rest of his life as he is spending it now. For a time he thought he would be drafted, but, as he says: "I fell off a ladder and now I have 'fiscal discabilities'."

"But," he will add, "if we are invaded I will fight anyhow. From a standpoint, we'll get in the war. From a standpoint we're already in it, from a standpoint. I agree with Roosevelt, which is the same as agreeing with Reynolds for politicians are all hooked up together. What one wants, all follow." And those are the words of America's hardest working gentleman business man on international complications.

"There's just one thing I want you to tell the college boys," Peanut said. "Don't ever sell brushes. You've got to be your own boss, and you can't work on a commission. If you want to sell brushes, come to me and I'll tell you how much better it is to sell Peanuts."

Then from habit Peanut burst out: "Peanuts, five cents, gentlemen!" And we bought three packages.

The ex-convict had reformed in a big way and attended church diligently. Each week he was asked to lead the congregation in song and to select the hymn. One Sunday the preacher finished his sermon with: "All liquor should be thrown in the river." He then smiled benignly and said: "Brother Smelt will now lead us in song."

The ex-convict arose, struck a pose and ended the service by singing: "Shall we gather at the river?"

Little Jimmy had acquired the habit of profanity somewhere in the course of his education, and was fluently adept at it around the house. His parents frowned on that sort of thing in a child of six, and when appeals to better nature had failed, they issued an ultimatum. No more swearing this week, or Jimmy couldn't go to his cousin's birthday party on Saturday.

Jimmy chalked up a perfect record, didn't slip once, and on Saturday he dressed up in his blue suit and bow tie and went gaily off, visions of ice cream and cake swimming in his head. Ten minutes later he was back, and in a bad mood. His mother sought the source of the trouble. Jimmy was brief. "Goddam party was last week."—*Clipped.*

SING OF WAKE FOREST

Continued from page five

that performance, one of the few in which the singers have ever departed from formal dress.

Quite a contrast are the full-dress performances of glee clubs of recent years, broadcast throughout the State to thousands of listeners.

But in between is a story of toil and often disappointment. Hubert Poteat, connected as soloist, leader, or director—or all three—with every glee club until 1924, did much to bring the club, by extensive tours of North and South Carolina and Virginia, into the favor of the people.

The *Charlotte Observer*, for instance, was frank in expressing the opinion in 1913 that "it is one of the best college glee clubs in the South. Theirs was the best music that has been heard in Charlotte in some time."

Many classic Wake Forest stories originated with the glee club.

It was in Burlington in 1907 that the singers accused Directors Eatman and Poteat of delaying the performance for 35 minutes because the two men were "carried away with interest and delight in observing a young bear climb a telegraph pole."

In the spring of the next year, during the course of a reception given the club at a girls' school in Lenoir, of which Mr. E. A. Weaver was president, Leland Kitchin, brother of President Thurman Kitchin, began to talk with a very attractive young lady. Soon exhausting routine comments, he asked her how she liked her President Weaver.

"I think he's wonderful," she replied. "He's my husband."

The College was fortunate for many years in finding student pianists to accompany the singers. When Dr. Walter J. Wyatt was a freshman here in 1920, there was no student in school able to act as accompanist. Director Poteat was becoming desperate when, late one evening, he passed the church and heard bars from Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." He rushed in, cornered the now-Chemistry professor, and told him to come to see him immediately.

Dr. Wyatt, modestly confused at being discovered and somewhat taken aback by Dr. Poteat's brisk manner, sidled into his office the next day wondering what punishment was to be meted out to him for trespassing on church property. But he became one of the best accompanists the glee club has ever had.

Professor K. T. Raynor's 1929 glee club was considered by musical experts to be one of the best of recent years. Its fame was well indicated by the action of theater managers in Troy, who called off all movies for the evening of the concert.

Donald L. Pfohl came to Wake Forest in 1939 to

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

EVERYTHING YOU NEED

Right on the Campus

found the first genuine department of musie on the campus. Undcr his talented leadership the elub enjoyed one of the finest years in history.

But Pfohl, after devoting his whole self to Wake Forest music for a year, died after a tragic attaek of pneumonia.

Now Thane McDonald is earrying on. Weighted with tradition, the Wake Forest glee elub is carrying on the standards that even the Negro in the Franklinton Church knew about.

It is easy to identify the owner of the automobile; he is the onc who, after you pull the door shut, always opens it again and slams it harder.

ALL GOOD DEMON DEACONS
PATRONIZE US FOR

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• *BETTER SERVICE*

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and Dry Cleaners

HOLLOWELL'S FOOD
STORE

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

PHONE 2521-31

We Appreciate Your Patronage

CITY BARBER SHOP

"Good Service all the Time"

COME TO SEE US NEXT
TIME . . .

"LET'S CALL IT LOVE"

Continued from page four

But Arthur is happy because he's finally got his break. "It's a start, anyhow," he modestly smiles. "I've got a chance to prove what I've been thinking for 15 years I can do. It's opened the way to success."

The one-third cut he'll get on music sales isn't to be scorned, either, if "Let's Call It Love" is acelaimed as were the two Guild-produced songs which preceded it.

Married and without children, Arthur is a graduate of John C. Smith College of Charlotte. He has four brothers, three sisters; and all but the kid brother have graduated from college. The last is a senior at Smith's this year. All the family is teaching in the State exeept this one and a sister who is a librarian in Raleigh.

Of course, Arthur is a talented singer and pianist. We take that for granted. But, gad! What a bridge shark! We're going to have to brush up on our game.

GOOD-BYE, JOHN

Continued from page twelve

at John. John felt his gaze. He turned his head to Mae. Their eyes met for a moment.

John looked away. "Damn it, Mac, stop looking at me like that!"

"Good-bye, John," Mac said and walked out of the office.

SHORTY'S

A Famous Name at a Famous School for:

SANDWICHES
DRINKS
CONFECTIONS
BILLIARDS
MAGAZINES

For the Service of America . . . the Finest

CHEVROLET
OF ALL TIME

Texaco Gas and Products

Service Chevrolet Co.
PHONE 2621 WAKE FOREST

Co-eds Are Official

Here's what's formally behind the influx of co-eds to the campus.

IT'S BEEN hashed and rehashed that there are 23 co-eds with us this year, six of them married, and that this is the largest number in Wake Forest's history.

Which is all very true.

The question coming from those both pleased and displeased at the feminine element is:

"Just how far will this go?"

According to Dr. G. E. Lineberry, of Raleigh, chairman of the executive committee of the trustees, in whose hands lies the admittance of co-eds, these are facts:

1. Professors' daughters and wives of ministers are admitted to Wake Forest upon their application.

2. Girls who intend to pursue med or law courses at Wake Forest or Winston-Salem have the privilege of beginning their freshman year here.

3. All other applications are thrown before the trustee committee with the recommendation of the President and the Dean as to what action be taken.

Several exceptions, falling in this third classification, were approved last summer by the committee. Those girls here who fall into neither the first or second group were given special permission by the executive committee.

Dr. Lineberry himself wonders just how far this will go, but declares emphatically:

"So far as I know, the executive committee intends to set no precedent in regard to co-eds. I personally believe that the number will not, so long as we have control, be allowed to become much higher than it is at the present."

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All Occasions
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Wake Forest, N. C.

STUDENTS
Get Your Pictures Made
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"TIME OUT"
for Winter
Be sure to order your Coal Now
before the weather gets
very cold.
City Fuel & Supply

The Vogue Shop For Men

WHEN AUTUMN COMES

Leaves that once were green and strong,
That shaded weary brows all summer long,
Are now waifed down so dry, so dead,
Once bright but now a fading red.

Life's but a mock to its very own.
The leaves that were in summer blown
By a balmy breeze that's now grown cold,
Have begun to wither: so dry, so old.

So I in summer waxed strong and grew,
But icy blasts in fury blew;
And then came autumn in my year,
When all was dead that I held dear.

But through it all there came a thought:
Perchance my trial for good was wrought.
Leaves go under, make fertile roots,
With spring come greener, fresher shoots.

They will shade anew the brow that's weary.
Scorn not autumn or think it dreary.
See in fallen leaves no state of death,
For autumn's pause gives stronger breath.

—J. Dixon Davis.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

PIPE MAKES AUNT CRY "UNCLE!"—*but her nephew's out of the dog house now!*

HECTOR BOARDED (free of charge) with his rich old aunt. But his pipe smelled like a Fourth-of-July punk, and one day it made *her* explode. She chased him out for good.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL there's a way to get mentioned in it. Hector switched to Sir Walter, the *mild* blend of fragrant burleys . . . and see how it worked! Try it, men. 50 pipe loads, 15¢.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

UNION MADE

Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
Every Friday night—NBC Red Network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

UNDERPASS
SERVICE STATION

The Best Place to

"FILL-ER-UP"

GAS

OIL

HORACE PIERCE, Proprietor

PERMANENTLY SHARP!
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"In Working Togs" (above). Also Streamline balance models.

$1 *and up*

STUDENTS! BUSINESS FOLKS!

Here's New Writing Pleasure and Performance!

SPIRAL GRIP

With a 39% *smaller* writing point that's *always* sharp, your FINELINE races through work—makes neater figures, more legible writing, clear-cut carbons, distinct Shorthand.

SPIRAL GRIP for tireless writing. Double length reversible eraser may be propelled out as used. Sturdy, precise mechanism; outlasts all others. Uses double length, *strong* FINELINE leads.

A lasting, welcome gift for anybody, any time. Just right for your own use, too! Make FINELINE *yours* today.

New—your school pennant, etc., lithographed in beautiful colors on FINELINE See us for details.

COLLEGE SODA SHOP

Pencils stamped with name and Wake Forest Seal . . . $1.25

NOW-THERE'S A GIFT I KNOW HE'LL LIKE!

Because it's sure to rain he's sure to like

Rainwear by

ALLIGATOR

$5.75 to $29.50

Come in and See Our Always Complete Assortment

If you want to be absolutely certain of pleasing a man, give him an Alligator Raincoat for Christmas. A truly different gift that he will keep on appreciating over the years. The price range is broad to suit any budget. We'll help you choose the right coat.

"COACHER" ILLUSTRATED . . . $18.50
A dashing coat in water repellent Gatecloth. Same Model in Alligator Samthur Special Finish Cloth, $14.75.

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Wake Forest, N. C.

MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
in the Hal Roach hit
"All-American Co-ed"
a United Artists Release

Let's Celebrate

IT'S CHESTERFIELD

Pass around the Chesterfields and it's pleasure time for everybody . . . smoking pleasure that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

Chesterfields make good friends . . . they're *milder, definitely better-tasting* and *cooler-smoking*. Everybody who smokes them likes them.

They Satisfy

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The STUDENT

AMERICA IS READY

Story on page 10

December 1941

With **MAUREEN O'HARA**
it's Chesterfield for Christmas
She is appearing in the
20th Century-Fox Production
"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"

FOR CHRISTMAS

It's Chesterfield

Here are your Milder Better-Tasting Chesterfields again . . . in the most attractive, up-to-the-minute Christmas gift package of the year.

Buy them for the folks at home . . . send them to your friends and don't forget to mail them to the boys in the Service.

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE *They Satisfy*

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The STUDENT
For Wake Forest Men

VOL. LVIII NOVEMBER 1941 No. 2

How old? We're just 60!

SIXTY years ago in January the rapidly growing student body of Wake Forest College—it then numbered 145—got tired of upstart printed sheets that lasted for two or three issues, and oral reports on campus events which might or might not be based on fact—and decided to put out a magazine "devoted to the literary interests of the State."

For almost fifty years the present great of North Carolina and the nation edited a book-size literary journal which maintained largely the same make-up throughout that period.

In 1931 the student body—increased five or six times—decided they didn't give a hang about the literary interests of the State. If they were going to put out a magazine, they argued, they might as well put out a magazine the boys would read, since the State wasn't going to read it anyhow.

The last literary editor was Thurman D. Kitchin, Jr., who put up a valiant editorial battle against "commercialized magazines," and never bowed to the wishes of the majority.

Then for eight or nine years, there was a STUDENT every once in a while. Sometimes an editor decided to make it more collegiate than usual, and censorship or finances clamped down. Several months later, out would pop another STUDENT, lewdness veiled in subtlety, with enough of literary value to satiate the taste of the majority of students.

The pendulum of the literary clock had swung to the other side of the box, and a magazine full of art and jokes was usually all that could be asked for by the most extremely typical of the so-called typical college students.

Then came along Harry Williams and Rufus Crater who decided "enough of this bosh—let's put out a good magazine" and were able to hold off the dissenting mob for an issue or two, but lapsed into various phases of literary ignominy.

Gene Brissie took over in the fall of 1939, and the pendulum took a swift leap toward the literary side of the box. With modernistic make-up, THE STUDENT tended toward its original form.

Wells Norris, South Carolinian, closely followed Brissie's style in 1940-41. And here's the sixtieth anniversary number, if you please, a would-be cross-breed. ●

United States Senate

THE STUDENT
Wake Forest, North Carolina

November 28, 1941

I wish to say that I am delighted to see what an excellent publication the students are producing. It is a great improvement upon THE STUDENT *of my day, and I say this freely as a former editor of the magazine.*

Sometimes older men fall into the old habit of despairing of the younger ones. I could take THE STUDENT *and show that there is no reason for despair but much reason for hope. I hope the Wake Forest boys of this day will make the same improvement in life as compared with the boys of my day, as* THE STUDENT *has made as compared with* THE STUDENT *of my day. I say this without disparagement of the period when I was at Wake Forest.*

With best wishes,

Yours very truly,
JOSIAH W. BAILEY.

State of North Carolina

As a former editor-in-chief of THE STUDENT *(1909-10) I am deeply interested in the forthcoming edition celebrating the 60th anniversary of the publication.*

This is one of the oldest college publications in the South, and I feel that the influence of the publication has increased with the passing years.

This publication furnishes a medium for students who have aspirations and capacity along literary lines, gives fine experience to those who constitute its editorial staff, and affords the student body and alumni a lively and adequate review of college events.

Every member of the student body and faculty should read and fully support THE STUDENT *and it should be included in the subscription list of every alumnus.*

I wish to congratulate the editorial staff on the attractive appearance of the publication and particularly on the pictures and other illustrations.

THE STUDENT *is much more readable in this respect than it was in the days when I was a member of the editorial board.*

I find it one of the most interesting publications that comes to my desk. It is indeed an asset to Wake Forest College.

Very truly yours,
J. MELVILLE BROUGHTON.

Arguing With Fire

For almost half a century our law school has carried on superbly. Right now lots of the boys are doing their arguing with guns, on land and water.

by SEAVY CARROLL

(Here's the last of a three-story series on the American defense program from the Wake Forest student's angle. EDITOR.)

PACED by almost miraculous tradition, the Wake Forest law school nears its fiftieth anniversary with preparations to absorb the shattering shock of World War II.

It's no secret that in 1918 Dr. Needham Y. Gulley and the rest of his law school faculty lost over half their students to the army. That was nothing to compare with the losses of other schools which temporarily closed their doors.

And it's taken for granted throughout the nation's law schools that the same thing is happening today. Many of them will go through this winter with less than half their normal group of potential barristers. Even at Wake Forest, there's been a 30 per cent drop in enrollment since last year—down to 46 this year in the entire school.

The irony is that the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the school—in 1944—may come with the lowest ebb in wartime enrollment. For the American Bar Association Convention in October could only deplore the effect of war on law students, offered no consolation or remedy.

Over 1,800 Wake Foresters have been licensed by the North Carolina bar in these almost 50 years. And a record unequalled in the history of American legal training is that of the 25 times that every Wake Forest man taking the examination has been approved.

This traditional history of the law school came to the fore back in 1935 as Dr. Gulley retired as dean to teach for the next three years, leaving his duties in 1938 on the College's professorial retirement plan.

He had taught two of our three federal judges, eight of ten solicitors, State Supreme Court justices, and a United States Senator.

And he was retiring 44 years after he first opened the Wake Forest law school and found all his registered students swiped by propaganda of other law schools.

In the summer of 1894, he had one law student—but in the fall, Franklinton lawyer Gulley had gained reputation as a teacher, and would-be barristers began flocking to his able tutorship.

Today, under the brilliant leadership of Dr. Dale F. Stansbury, the school is struggling to maintain the pre-war status quo for the half-century climax of this unrivalled history.

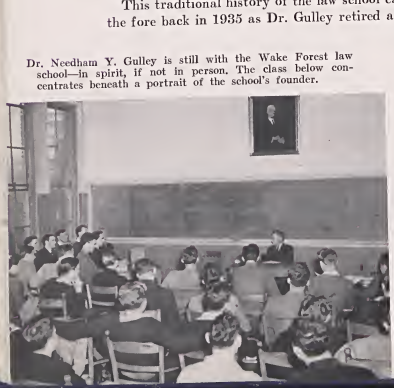
The other side of the picture is also bright, though. For in defense, Wake Forest legal students are doing their job. Twenty per cent of last spring's graduates are in the FBI now—Jim Waller, Nashville's basketball ace; Tom Williams, baseballer from Wade; Mclvin Yancey, scholastic leader, of Oxford; Myers Cole, Charlotte boy who almost single-handedly raised funds for the band's new uniforms; and Raleigh's Willis Turner. Exactly what they're doing, none of us know—for secrecy of action is the first requisite to FBI success.

With the big guns of the land forces we find Lieutenant Jimmy Hayes, '40, stationed at Quantico. Powell Bland's "straight A" record in his first year of law did not prevent his being drafted. Sam Gantt has served for only a short period—he's now a Corporal. Bob Scott, top man in last year's second-year class, is applying his photographic knowledge with the 88th Bombardment Squadron at Will Rogers Field in Oklahoma. Others definitely known to be in the Army are Ralph Earnhardt, stationed at Fort Bragg; Regan McIntyre, at Camp Lee, Virginia; and John Snow, at Camp Wheeler, Georgia.

And on the sea—for the defense of America—we find Horace Chamblee and Bill Poteat in the Naval Reserve. Tom "Boredface" Davis and Jake Taylor will enter the same branch of service after Christmas.

Wake Forest lawyers have preferred for 47 years the verbal type of arguing; right now some of them are learning to be mighty persuasive with guns.

Dr. Needham Y. Gulley is still with the Wake Forest law school—in spirit, if not in person. The class below concentrates beneath a portrait of the school's founder.



For Love Only

Tony was just a broken hero; Sylvia was an angel undisguised. But somehow the combination did things—after a while.

by **DOUES R. FOUTS, JR.**

NURSE Sylvia O'Mara went to Room 210. Tony Neal lay facing the window. His eyes were closed but Sylvia felt that the man was not asleep.

She was remembering, as she stood staring at the dark head on the pillow, just how he had looked that night three weeks ago, when he stood on the flaming balcony with the child in his arms.

Passing along a crowded street, she had seen a sea of upturned faces there in a fire's glow; she had centered her gaze on a window balcony. A man stood with a child in his arms, waiting for help. The child was dropped to safety.

Someone yelled, "Safe. Now, for God's sake, save the man!" All attention went back to the man just as the ladder reached its mark. Flames covered the whole balcony as he climbed over the rail and started downward. One story down, two, then something happened. Crash! He fell. She turned and somehow staggered home.

She recalled the days that had followed in the hospital. She had inquired about him every day. Somebody had told her that he was an artist, but that he had so much money that he did not have to paint for a living. Another said that he had no near relatives.

Sylvia woke from her trance when the patient turned his head and looked at her. "Why are you waiting to take my temperature again?"

"I haven't taken it; 'twas someone else," she answered and made no move to get the thermometer.

"You all look alike to me," he said crisply. "Who are you, and where is Smith?"

"I am Sylvia O'Mara. Smith is sick." Sylvia lied about the other nurse. "So you're here in Smith's place, to tell me that six months won't be a long time lying in bed broken up, that I'm not going to be a cripple, and a lot of other fairy tales," he said. "Well, don't start. I don't believe in fairy tales, do you get me?" The girl knew by his words that plenty of life was left—fighting spirit too. She answered him softly, ignoring his harshness. "No, I'm only here to see that you don't try to get up."

One day he talked in his sleep. He was pleading with someone called Betty. When he woke, his eyes

were filled with desire. Sylvia thought that he was hoping—expecting something. She mumbled something about Betty.

He heard, turned and looked at her sharply. "Who told you about Betty?" he asked very quickly.

Sylvia thought that perhaps he forgot himself for a moment. "You did," she said, "while you slept, but you didn't tell me anything but her name. Where is Betty? I mean, why doesn't she come to see you?"

It seemed his face lost its tightness momentarily; his voice softened. "She's in a Southern college. She's coming soon. A friend wrote her that I'm laid up for repairs, but I wonder how she'll take this cripple business."

One day soon she came. There was a knock at the door.

"Tony!"

"Betty!" His voice trembled.

Betty was beautiful, too beautiful. Her long brown hair draped over a rose-petal pink dress, and blue violets were on her shoulder. Tony reached his one good hand for hers.

"You are so thin—so pale, Tony," she said. "It's horrid. You should have thought of me instead of the orphan child."

Sylvia could bear it no longer. She rushed out the door, down the hall. And when she returned half an hour later, Tony was alone.

"She's free . . ." he said. "She wanted to be free. I'd rather be dead than crippled—crippled for the rest of my life." His hand held Sylvia's tightly, his voice pleading.

Next day the chief surgeon called her: "I want you to go and take Tony up in the hills. Try to make him enjoy being a cripple. Massage the knee, stretch

(*Continued on page fourteen*)

FLUORESCENT midnight oil that's being consumed up in the law library these nights isn't just for fun. Dean Dale Fisher Stansbury is laying down the law on his legal bibliography assignments.

But then he's got to maintain high standards for the sake of accrediting agencies which first put Wake Forest on the approved list after he got to work here in 1935.

Due in large measure to his efficient efforts, the 47-year-old school is now approved "by every agency that thinks it has any business approving law schools."

Although he practiced law in Indiana until 1928, Dean Stansbury feels now that a return to the North would be a case of "A Southerner Discovers the North." Partly because he was at Mercer University several years, and largely because he "can't imagine having found a finer spirit of friendliness and coöperation than in Wake Forest," he's become a genuine Southerner and especially an all-out Wake Forester.

The first court case is often a nightmare for a young lawyer. And a law school dean-to-be is no exception. For Dr. Stansbury, it was pushing a suit for malicious persecution—one night in jail spent by his client for an alleged pump stealing from a defenseless old woman. Suing for $10,000, Stansbury's client claimed that such punishment was an unparalleled blow to his sterling record as a prominent American citizen, and demanded the bounty as monetary remuneration for a horrible blot which could never be erased.

The defense, however, talked his client into admitting two previous jail sentences for nine months—one for bootlegging, the other for assault and battery following woman trouble.

To top it all off, the defense proceeded to prove to the hapless young lawyer Stansbury that his client had actually stolen the pump. The jury, Dean Stansbury says, took two minutes and forty seconds to vote him out of the courtroom.

His country lawyer father had always assumed that the son, Dale Fisher, was to be a chip off the old block. And so it turned out, with the son reaching the top from 1918 to 1924 as deputy attorney general of Indiana.

He established such a reputation in this position that he was called back before becoming a teaching fellow at Yale in 1928 to handle defense for the notorious case of D. C. Stevenson, head of the Indiana Ku Klux Klan.

Stevenson was tried in a lengthy siege of legal bombardment for murder on a charge which led to the precedent that murder can be committed by driving another to suicide. Stansbury assisted in condemning Stevenson for a bloody assault aboard a Chicago-bound Pullman on his secretary.

Before committing suicide, the dying girl uttered a declaration professing humiliating shame, which played a prominent role in condemning Stevenson to the penitentiary for life.

Dean Stansbury decided after a year at Yale that his future lay in teaching. He went to Mercer in 1929, came here in 1935, has helped the law library to grow to near 14,000 volumes, and revised and edited numerous legal works.

Hobby is concentration over the chessboard—in which he and his wife often indulge. Mrs. Stansbury, a leader in numerous phases of local endeavor, sneaked around behind her husband as our flash bulb went off the other night—she wanted to view from his angle the complicated set-up they'd got into.

Four children: Eugene, at the University of Cincinnati, and Alan, a sophomore at Wake Forest, who plan to go into engineering. Betty, "Miss Wake Forest" in summer school, is a sophomore at Brenau; while seven-year-old Patsy, learning to write in the local second grade, expects to become an author. ●

MAN OF THE HOUR

Jim Didn't Belong

With the dusk of Homecoming Day came the realization that the world of men and the college world are as distinct as night and day. But it hit Jim hard.

by **BOREDFACE DAVIS**

(This story reached us by mail from traditional Boredface, who's seeing the world before he enters naval reserve training after Christmas. We consider it a largely fictional account of an un-dodge-able truth, probably much less true in Bored's case than in thousands of others.—Ed.)

THE DARK BLUE convertible sped past the Catholic Church, the grammar school, through the new stoplight, past College Hall, and around the curve in sight of the campus. "Beat Carolina!" stickers were everywhere. Girls in bright red sweaters paced the sidewalks, and walked in and out of fraternity houses.

Jim was coming back to the campus for the first time since last June when he'd hungrily taken that sheepskin which he'd never thought would be his. Bumming, as usual. He'd snagged this blue convertible off the Raleigh corner after an hour-and-a-half wait.

It was certainly great to get back to the old place, he thought, as a little surge of the old-time spirit came back to him. Those beautiful magnolia trees—they haven't changed. There's Dr. Folk and that powerful pipe of his. Oh well, he didn't see me. And every car pasted with "Beat Carolina." They're the same way before every Homecoming Day. Wonder if the Deacons will slip up and do it this time!

Jim got out at the second stoplight, thanked the men for the lift, received the "Not at all; glad to do you a favor," and walked over toward Hunter and the frat house. The two days that he'd looked forward to ever since summer were here. This was his first chance to see the old boys again, and how swell it was going to be to shoot bull with the gang! To be a part of the school again after half a year of work away from college would be great! There—

some sophs recognized him and waved. They remembered!

Jim had had a hard pull—from a very hazed and unconcerned freshman to a publications big shot, a champion debater, a class politician, cheer leader, and an honorary frat man. But he'd made the grade, and for the last two years he'd been a big man of the campus. The first two years had been the hardest. He'd had to look up to the other fellows.

Then they were gone, and he and a few others were the big boys. It was some feeling. Now he was going back, back to the college world of which he was still a part. They would remember him, and it would feel good to be part of something that Jim had loved.

That's the reason he had chosen to come up late Friday instead of just before game time Saturday. And there were the boys—all busy with Homecoming decorations. The brothers saw him. Came over with a "Hi, Jim! Welcome back, boy. Glad to see you!" The pledges took his bag, and went inside with him. Now for a good, old fashioned bull session, Jim thought.

"We gotta finish these decorations," some of the pledges mumbled. "But we'll have to have a session. Drop back by when we get time and we'll all get together."

Oh, sure. They were busy. The bull would come later. But they were glad to see him. Well, he'd go over to the *Old Gold and Black* office and throw the bull. They were always ready for that—if nothing else.

There they were. Clouded in smoke and enveloped

(Continued on page fifteen)

INSIDE DEACONTOWN

• *On the cover* part of the 426-strong 502nd parachute battalion are shown in the largest parachute attack ever to be staged in the United States. Time: November 19. Place: Pope Field, Fort Bragg. Hero, so far as we're concerned—Dr. Nevill Isbell.

A telephone call to Major Betts, public relations head at Fort Bragg, netted exclusively for THE STUDENT one of the last remaining un-copyrighted photos taken during the 15-minute attack. Picture of the week for *Life* last week was a camera brother to ours.

• *Sparkling Dorothy Mitchell, Old Gold and Black's* buttermilk to champagne girl, goes on record as having changed her mind about Wake Forest and co-eds.

"When I entered school here in the fall," the ex-Woman's College student said, "I was sure Wake Forest should be a co-ed school. But I know now there's a lot of this 'exclusive good fellow gang attitude' on the campus."

Dorothy thinks the boys and they alone should decide whether co-eds—more or less—enter Wake Forest. Yes or no, she's for their decision on the matter. But if Wake Forest does go officially co-ed, then she's for democracy.

• *We doff our derbies* to one of the niftiest gridiron powerhouses Wake Forest has had in many years. And as the football curtain spirals down on their college careers, our admiration and respect go to Co-captains Gimp Givler and Big John Polanski and the rest of the Flaming Sophomores of 1939. Deacontown's proud of you, boys, up or down.

• *The Raleigh Times* may as well soon move editorial offices over to Wake Forest. Three desks are held down by college alumni-journalists. John Marshall, Jesse Helms, and Les Cansler are staff members on the Capital City daily.

• *Dr. George Washington* Paschal, professor emeritus of Greek, handed us for publication (unfortunately two days past the deadline) his "appraisal of our football season, teams, coaches, and games."

We sincerely regret that space could not have been reserved when we went to press for the inclusion of the entire story. Dr. Paschal, this season as always, has been one of the staunchest supporters of the boys in old gold and black.

"It is hard to see how Coach Walker and his staff could have done better with the small number of men he had," Dr. Paschal wrote. "He was as good a strategist in the progress of his games as I have ever seen."

Dr. Paschal concluded by writing: "All agree that we need more games on our home grounds. It is only fair to the coaches, players, and students — to have half our games at home."

• *Sergei Rachmaninoff* can play the piano. Almost 100 Wake Forest students heard him in the opening Raleigh Civic Music series concert — along with over four thousand others who jammed every inch of Memorial Auditorium.

Civic music seems to be going over big with students here. One fellow says he's traveling back from Richmond to hear Gladys Swarthout next week.

• *The 111th Baptist State Convention* — dancing or no dancing —was conspicuous for its Wake Foresters. Over half of the leaders and speakers were Wake Forest graduates—and it is guessed that almost an equal number of college-graduate delegates were alumni.

Wake Forest occupied its share of the spotlight, too. Emphasis, besides on dancing, was placed on the Bowman Gray School of Medicine, the college chapel, and Dr. Olin T. Binkley's two addresses before pas-

tors' conference and convention. President Kitchin and Al Dowtin spoke at the Meredith-Deacon alumni banquet, and Chaplain Olive, temporary editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, represented that magazine.

• *The state press flurried* recently—wondering about Davidson and Wake Forest. Rumors followed last issue's story on the athletic situation.

All we know definitely right now is that the possibilities of a track meet between Presbyterians and Baptists are being considered by authorities. That, at least, would be an ice-breaker.

Davidson editor Dan Hodges is reprinting THE STUDENT's story on the matter in December's *Scripts 'n' Pranks*, Davidson magazine.

We visited the Davidson campus a couple weeks ago and found Athletic Director Norman Sheppard and *Davidsonian* editor Tony Darby agreeing that the unfortunate situation should be remedied in some way.

That looks to us like the green light for negotiations.

• *Congratulations* are in order for John McMillan in his carrying on a three-year Wake Forest tradition of holding the North Carolina Baptist Student Union presidency. It is things like that—not sanctimonious prayers in open windows—that prove the College successful at so-called Christian education.

• *Meredith College faculty members*, we hear, gave an acutely frigid reception to the first issue of *The Acorn*, student magazine which appeared some weeks ago. They just didn't go for the new ideas inaugurated by Editor Alice Justice, requested by the students.

We liked it, though, and wrote and formally told her so.

But then that was only natural. The same thing was wrong with *The Acorn* that's wrong with THE STUDENT. It ain't literary.

• *There was lots of gentle cussing* on the campus late Thanksgiving evening on the part of boys who went home for Thanksgiving, and had to come back to school also on Thanksgiving. Those two days after the November holiday may mean more than two extra days tacked on to the Christmas reprieve.

It's all up to the student body. Last year the dean threw the matter up for discussion, and there was none. There's still time to get a half-week Thanksgiving holiday in 1942.

• *Associated Press sports reporter* Pat O'Brien gave the Deacontown football squad full credit for a lop-sided win over George Washington in the Nation's Capital Thanksgiving Day. But that wasn't all. He made especial mention in his story, which flashed on wires across the nation, of wise-cracking, fancy-stepping Jack Baldwin, Demon Deacon deluxe, and of Pat Hester's lively College band.

Maybe O'Brien knew about the flare-up which followed a Washington columnist's branding of Wake Forest last fall as a football college. The press was all for the Deacons when they invaded Washington this time.

• *Dr. Hubert Poteat* took time out from a pipe organ reverie with Chopin the other night to play for a friend's amusement "the first two and last verses" of a new religious song composed by a prominent hymn-writer. The title, if we heard correctly, was "Honeymoon with Jesus."

• *Phi societies of Meredith* and Wake Forest, both with the largest rosters in some five or six years, have been bickering for a couple weeks on the annual exchange of programs. President Bep Pruitt and President Ed Wilson can't make up their minds who ought to go first.

It involves difficulties. For last year the Meredith lassies chartered a Greyhound and put on a 35-girl show in the Wake Forest Phi hall—which seats only 75!

• *The forgotten man* of the campus, we'd say, is Night Watchman Bernie Barham, who uses two dollars worth of Eveready flashlight cells every month.

Big time Bernie, young, dark, and likable, started making his ten P.M. to five A.M. rounds of the campus just after summer school, when the former watchman was

(Continued on page eighteen)

THE STAFF

NEIL MORGAN, *editor*
DON BRADSHER, *business manager*

CONTRIBUTING

Bill Ellington, *art editor;* Burnette Harvey, *poetry editor;* Bob Gallimore, *photographer;* Bill Ayers, Seavy Carroll, John D. Davis, Tom I. Davis, D. R. Fouts, Jr., Herbert Thompson, and Newbill Williamson.

BUSINESS

Paul Bell, *assistant business manager;* Ned Thomas, Lawrence Clark, Furman Biggs, and Horace Miller.

All complaints concerning unsigned articles should be addressed to THE EDITOR, Box 924. The next STUDENT will appear in February.

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THREE minutes ago the United States declared war on Japan. Just now two heavy presses are rolling off this little magazine, to go in this week before Christmas to a sleepy little town in the great big, peace-loving country of America.

We had a story here called "Playing at War." But America's not playing this Christmas. The grim maneuvers assume an even grimmer aspect. For they have made Americans ready for the Japanese.

When 426 paratroopers drifted from throbbing Red army planes down to Fort Bragg's Pope Field some days ago in the most immense parachute invasion of America's war games, the ingenuity of Captain Nevill Isbell, number one chemist of the army air corps of Southeastern United States, was tested.

Captain Isbell, associate professor of Chemistry at Wake Forest, now on leave as chemical warfare engineer, left research work at Macdill Field, Tampa, to plan air defense of Blue army (largely North Carolina) air bases in the Carolina maneuvers.

Which means that the effectiveness with which the Pope Field boys fired their blanks at the paratroop battalion and prevented sabotage was partly the result of the Captain's forethought.

But maneuver umpires decided to give the paratroopers a chance to show their stuff. So after the Blues had done their shooting, dead Reds were pronounced alive, and Blues were ordered not to interfere with Red attempts to halt communication, and wreak havoc with transportation facilities.

One dusky Negro, digging ditches in a corner of Pope Field when the unsurpassed paratroop invasion began, couldn't overcome temptation. A Captain, 'chuting from his plane, was headed right for his ditch. The Negro laid down his pick as the officer hit the ground, grabbed his rifle, and snapped a blank as the captain looked groggily up at him.

"Okay, I'm shot now," the Captain said. "Guess I'll be going."

But the Negro laborer had diffcrent ideas. He made a flying tackle as the officer walked off, nailed him to the ground, and rested his bayonet on his back.

"Captain, suh," he declared, "I'se been waitin' for dis a long, long time. Now git up and start marchin'."

There wasn't much choice. The captain made the half-mile walk into headquarters an actual prisoner, the point of a bayonet tickling his backbone.

One of the enthusiastic paratroopers, ordered to commit sabotage after landing, broke away from his mates—who were busy slashing temporary communication wires and rushing to the back lines in captured enemy jeeps—and tried to tear out the permanent central switchboard at Pope Field. It took several officers with rifles to talk him out of it.

The almost 400,000 men involved in the Carolina maneuvers — and they came from every corner of the nation — just naturally took their business soberly. One of the 426 paratroopers broke his neck in the fall to Pope Field. A couple others sprained ankles—but there was no more time to waste over that than in actual warfare.

It's serious work. The maneuvers, Captain Isbell says, are designed not only to harden the individual soldier and prepare him for actual conflict, but to

AMERICA

The Carolina maneuvers-
American defense—found
seriously. Lots of things
Foresters were in on
Nevill Isbell, who's an ace

by **NEIL**

A message goes to artillery units from "somewhere in the Carolinas." (Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps.)

IS READY

Most stupendous angle of 100,000 men taking life opened, and lots of Wake em—especially Captain hemist in the air corps.

ORGAN

show army officials faulty phases of defense and offense plans.

"Of course we're getting the inside dope from European battlegrounds all along," he said. "But there's nothing like solving our own problems under our own conditions."

The specific aim of the Carolina games was to find whether a smaller, mobile, armored force (the Reds) can overcome a larger, less mobile army—infantry, with anti-tank equipment. Captain Isbell, inspecting work all along the front, said that at the end of the first phase late in November, the Blue line was decisively pushing the Red army back.

And the maneuvers were definitely successful, in Captain Isbell's opinion. The Louisiana games, held before those in the Carolinas, bore their fruit in demonstrating the technique of war material supply for interior defense. These in Carolina were held in attempts to smooth out various kinks in the American version of modern warfare. Almost everything in the United States air force that hasn't been flown to Allied rescue, according to Isbell, came to the Carolinas.

"Sure, the games were successful," grinned Isbell. "I was shot down twice!"

"Education made good in the maneuvers," Captain Isbell told THE STUDENT. "The goats are being steadily mulled out from among the sheep. And the best soldier seems to be the college man.

"I see Wake Forest men everywhere I go," he added. "Boy, it's a treat, too!"

Planes from Bangor, Maine, filed down onto Pope Field at Fort Bragg the other day. Out of one popped a member of last year's Deacon freshman football squad. He rushed immediately up to Isbell with extended hand.

Captain Isbell, according to the Fort Bragg boys, was the only one of the mancuver officials who wasn't anxious for the strenuous maneuvers to end. They gave him a chance to see a lot more of his wife and two daughters here in Wake Forest.

The other day he made the 20-minute run from Pope Field to Wake Forest with a mancuver general in one of the army's newest bombers, circled low over the campus, saw a flag rise off a golf course green to wave at him, and his cook run out into the backyard to stare.

And so Wake Forest's Captain Isbell—professor, to us—is fiddling with poison gases as chemical engineer for the Third Army Air Force at Tampa, defense gateway to the Caribbean. At present, 70 per cent of the Army's work is in protection against chemical warfare, only 30 per cent in offense. Soon, however, maneuvers will be launched in which chemical warfare will play an active part—with tear gas instead of chlorine, according to Isbell.

A scarcity of efficient chemists will probably lead

(*Continued on page fourteen*)

Top center, Captain Nevill Isbell. *Below,* three soldiers emerge from a specimen of his chemical warfare. (Photo by Jack Riley, Raleigh *News and Observer.*)

Japan's Christmas Present

A Wake Forest editor tells a vivid story of Christmas as he has spent it—Christmas as war-torn millions will see it this month in lands of hate and fear.

by **BILL AYERS**

THERE are only eleven more shopping days until Christmas, so get out your red tissue paper and ribbon and wrap me up. For—long live the emperor—I am a Christmas present.

I am a Christmas present given by Japan's Emperor Hirohito to two billion people, to the entire world. Six hundred other humans were given at the same time.

The presentation was made on December 25, 1937, in the bustling Chicago of China, Hankow, where I was spending my Christmas holidays. For six months war between China and Japan had been going on, and for six months American consular officials had been asking their nationals to leave China.

Christmas, 1937, the consular requests became demands. Women and children must go. There were 600 of these, Americans, Germans, Italians, British and sundry other nationalities.

How were they to go? That was the only problem. The Yangtze River was mined and blocked with sunken ships. The air service had been discontinued because of wartime danger. To the north, Japanese forces were approaching the Wuhan cities, slashing swiftly and madly down the Peiping-Hankow Railway. To the south, on the Hankow-Canton Railway, bombs were daily falling and Japanese were thrusting at Canton.

How were we to leave? The question was solved by an announcement from Tokyo and Emperor Hirohito. "We will allow the foreigners to pass through Canton to Hongkong by rail. We will desist from bombing the railway. We will give their lives as Christmas presents to the world," Japanese government officials solemnly announced.

How nations of the world would react if 600 of their nationals were bombed and killed was of no concern to the Emperor. We were being allowed to evacuate because of sheer Japanese kindness.

Thus on December 23, we were wrapped in festive style—not in ribbons, but in flags. British sailors climbed atop the International Train and tied British, American, German, and Italian flags on the coaches.

"They'll just make good Japanese targets," someone muttered. "You can't trust promises any more." A mother held up her child for its father to kiss goodbye. An Italian woman began to cry and all the women began to cry.

For us, my mother, my sister and I, there was no farewell weeping. There was no one to say goodbye to. Miles away my father, working for the Red Cross, bent over an operating table removing shrapnel from a bomb victim. We wired him that we were leaving, never knowing whether or not the wire would get through.

The train's whistle blew and the International Train crept away into the mist. Josselyn, the American consul, standing on the platform, sighed in relief.

But there was no relief for the people packed into the International Train, the women with babies and the pregnant women who sat in the only compartments, the men sitting on baggage in the aisles, the boys, including myself, stuffed in the baggage racks near the roof. All were afraid of the Japanese promise.

The women, cooking over alcohol stoves, in the coaches, and the men sitting in their seats and shaving constantly scanned the sky. There was doubt, and tension, fear and mistrust.

Suddenly above the clack of the train's wheels a low hum was heard. Every voice was silent. There was only the unnerving, continuous rumble of the slow train, wheezing as it took a curve.

A Japanese airplane, red spots on its wings, came into sight, circled the train, swooped down. Women

(*Continued on page sixteen*)

PICTURES OF THE MONTH are these on-the-spot accounts of a mysterious early-morning smash-up into the North Wall, November 29, which accounted for the annual motorists' effort to run U S 1 through the middle of the campus. STUDENT photographer Bob Gallimore, developing film in the Amos Johnson Building darkroom, heard the crash about 1:15 a.m. and rushed out with Speed Graphic and flash bulbs just as Night Officer Peyton Brown pulled up and inspected the deserted car.

A bystander who saw the crash reported that the Ford, racing down Faculty Avenue at a high rate of speed, was unable to take the left turn at the campus. Brake imprints on the pavement indicated that the driver, seen limping away from the scene and allegedly secretary to a local businessman, applied brakes less than 30 feet North of the campus wall.

New slant to this old trick was that the street sign-post was also knocked down this time, splintered just above the ground.

A student, inspected the car as the driver, cursing in pain, left the scene, reported having seen a whiskey bottle in the automobile. Peyton Brown later found no evidence. ●

GAS OVERCOMES GIRL WHILE TAKING BATH

Miss Cecilia Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of the elevator boy and the janitor of the hotel where she was stopping.—*N. Y. Times.*

AMERICA IS READY

(*Continued from page eleven*)

to his active service in this field "for at least another year—maybe longer."

But Captain Isbell, who has taught Chemistry at Wake Forest since 1926, has just this to say:

"After war conditions calm down and I'm not needed in this work any longer, I'll be mighty glad to get back home to Wake Forest."

And how about the personal, behind-the-scenes feelings of the other 399,999 men in these games of power?

Captain Isbell spent months on the fronts of the two maneuver areas. He talked to hundreds of officers and buck privates. According to him, John Q. Soldier, just like a reserve football player, is glad to get in the game. The soldiers enjoy maneuvers. They do their job nobly.

But he thinks the widely-publicized views of many prominent propagandists that the United States Army is straining at the leash, anxious to fire genuine bullets at a sure-enough enemy, is absolute bosh.

"Our boys don't want to fight unless it's necessary," he said. "We know what war actually is. The whole Army wants peace, not war."

And that desire is echoed as the Christmas prayer of a world at war. ●

FOR LOVE ONLY

(*Continued from page five*)

the muscles that are tightening. That's all that matters. I'll run up to our hospital there often."

And they went—questioningly at first, but happily. After months, Tony was better. Sylvia's miracle was almost performed, but he had not tried to walk yet because of the cast. On moonlight nights they sat on the porch, he in his wheel chair, and talked of far-off places and people. Tony felt a new sense of tranquillity from being near Sylvia. And she thought him heart-hungry to express the love they both held but withheld.

One night near the end of three months, Sylvia went into delirium. Nurses and doctors came to her rescue, and Tony awaited anxiously every word from her bedside.

"She's mighty ill," the nurse told him, "and she doesn't seem to be fighting very hard."

She grew worse. The heat was stifling. Tony writhed on his bed in misery felt for her. "Doctor, don't let her die, please!" he begged.

And gradually another dawn came, bright and glaring. Tony had laid awake all night—waiting. The door opposite his suddenly opened. He saw her little face turn on the pillow, look toward him. She called his name.

Tony forgot his lame leg. He jumped from his

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bed and walked to her, forgetting any pain.

"Syllie!" he pleaded. "Sweetheart, come back to me."

She smiled wanly. "Stupid, I'm not going anywhere." It was just a whisper. She felt his tender kiss on her brow.

"I know it now," he said. "We'll be together! Always!"

A quivering smile spread over her relaxed face. Her eyes closed again. But she understood, and her fingers locked in his. ●

JIM DIDN'T BELONG

(*Continued from page seven*)

in the din of pecking typewriters that had the raucous tone of age. Except there were a lot of new faces, just a few of the old boys. But there was Bill, the editor. He had been turning out a pretty good rag, and Jim hadn't thought he'd be worth a damn when he was elected. Well, that's what they'd thought when Jim had handled the business angle.

Then Bill saw him, yelled at him:

"Hi, Jim! Come on in. Meet the gang. Fellas, this is last year's business manager, and a good egg. Jim, this is Bob, Neil, Phil, Ed, Herbert, D. E., Don, Bill. Hey Bob, put a note in your column that Jim dropped in. Have a seat, wont'cha, Jim?"

Jim didn't think Bill really meant it.

"Isn't there something I can work on, help you get the rag out?" asked Jim.

"Well, we're using a new make-up this year, Jim," Bill said. "Getting in some new things. You might not be familiar with them. Thanks just the same, Jim."

Jim guessed Bill was right. Yeah. "Well—I'll be seeing you boys," he mumbled as he stepped back out the door, closed it behind him.

"Sure! Drop back by, Jim," one of the old boys yelled behind him. "Let's talk old times over sometime!"

So Jim walked on out. Looked like everybody was tied up. Guessed he'd walk into Snyder's and have a bite to eat. Two or three boys were hanging around. Looked like freshmen. Even Snyder had gone off hunting ducks. The boy behind the counter asked if he could help him.

"Oh, just a coke, I reckon," Jim faltered, waited for his drink and walked on out.

It'd be different at the pep meeting, Jim guessed. So he went downtown, took in a show, and got back to the gym about eight-thirty. Big crowd. Familiar faces said hello, and new ones just stared. Shook a few hands. The band came in and everybody sang. It was started. Student leaders were called on to "say a few words" and everybody yelled.

Then it was over and he hadn't been called on. Had they forgotten all he'd done to organize the spirit so evident here? Had they forgotten that he wrote that pep song and half the yells? Maybe so. But he was still a part of this. He belonged. They were glad to see him and wanted to bull—only when he had more time.

He went to the game by himself next day. All his brothers had dates, the pledges were too busy with other things. It was good to see the boys take that win over Carolina. They'd been trying long enough!

But he decided he'd get on back, spend Sunday with his girl. So he ran to the corner just before the last whistle blew, without even taking time to tell the boys good-bye. After all, not many of them knew he was here.

And as the victory bell pealed out, the fading sun

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sank over Harricane hills, and the rush for cars began, Jim looked back on the magnolias and the stately old buildings, heard the band strike out on "Dear Old Wake Forest," saw the couples drift out to get ready for the pledge dance, and the professors re-light their pipes.

That was Wake Forest. That had been his Wake Forest. But it was no longer. His four years had passed. He was in another world—and he was leaving the little collegiate world to which he no longer belonged.

Today's big shots would soon come on out into this more somber, more realistic world of life, and the same dumb little freshmen would take their place. The shadows grew longer, and his old world faded into the dusk.

"Raleigh, mister?"

"Sure, fellow. Jump in!" ●

JAPAN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

(*Continued from page twelve*)

gasped. It hurtled down faster, then shot up. It waggled its wings and flew away. We were weak.

"Maybe the Japanese really meant we are Christmas presents," a man said.

"Maybe they're just scouting for a bombing," another added.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

TO ALL

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We Appreciate Your Business

FRED - SMUT - BEN

The next night was Christmas Eve, yet there was little peace on the International Train—little peace among the Americans, Italians and British.

But a German quartet began to sing: "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht. . . ."

Germans began to sing, Germans whom the world was beginning to hate: "alles schlaeft. . . ."

Germans ruled by a mad Hitler: "einsam wacht."

The Germans began to sing: "Christ the Saviour is born."

Here was something all nationalities could understand—Christ the Saviour is born. All nationalities began to sing, from coach to coach, "Silent night, stille Nacht, holy night, heilige Nacht."

Outside the train passed bomb holes, machine gun nests, wreckage. Inside was peace.

There was no more fear during the trip. Early Christmas morning the International Train entered British Territory and at 10 o'clock arrived at Kowloon, adjoining Hongkong.

On the station platform there stood a grinning Japanese government official, his eyes darting back and forth, a smirk of satisfaction on his face.

As we walked toward waiting rickshas, I wondered if there was a Japanese version of "Silent Night." ●

In rambling through sixty years of STUDENTS, we found the present cry of "literary desertion" raised over and over again.

In October 1883, for instance, THE STUDENT tells us that the boys were reading "such pernicious material as 'Gulliver's Travels'; 'The Arabian Nights'; and the novels of Jules Verne and Mark Twain. Truly our men are deserting the classics."

In 1882 THE STUDENT urged Wake Foresters to cut out slang.

With 60 years of history behind us, we'd say there's absolutely nothing new under the sun.

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PUNGENT PIPE PUTS PA IN PICKLE

—but he's out of the dog house now!

LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! One wallop and that smelly old briar will be no more! What's the neighbor saying? "Switch to a *mild* tobacco like Sir Walter."

LOOKS LIKE THE START of a happy ending. Ma's in love with Sir Walter's mellow fragrance. And Pa's delighted with the cool, rich flavor of this burley blend.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

Tune In UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
Every Friday night—NBC Red Network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

INSIDE DEACON TOWN

(*Continued from page nine*)

allegedly fired because he liked too well to upset magnolia tete-a-tetes.

"Me?" grins Bernie. "I don't want to mess you boys up. I usually keep my eyes in the other direction unless somebody's harming the buildings or school property.

Bernie wouldn't even admit to having seen any couples under sheltering magnolias since he took over the job. He does say he's "looking forward to summer school, when I may be able to tell you something."

On the job simply because fire insurance policies for campus property necessitate a night watchman, Bernie drives over from his Rolesville home and turns off the lights, punches his clock every fifteen-minute round of the campus, spends resting minutes either at the church or Mr. Holliday's office, and sleeps from breakfast time to mid-afternoon.

"You boys sure do get around in the night-time," Bernie claims. "All times of the night—what I mean."

But he's not supposed to report or even caution any boy unless he's trespassing. He likes to get in on midnight activities, watched biologists kill cats until three o'clock the other morning.

Bernie, who uses but a dollar and a half worth of flashlight batteries in an exceptionally moonshiny month, used to nightwatch at Duke, and guesses those boys "are pretty fast with their women. They kept me busy."

But there's no finer bunch of boys anywhere than in Wake's own Hunter dorm, Bernie guesses.

"I know I can always count on those fellows to turn the covers down and help me out if I have to tackle a guy anytime of the night." Only college building not included in Bernie's beat is fraternity-rented Simmons dormitory.

• *Everett Snyder began* his twelfth year in the College Book Store this fall. And he said the other day that Wake Forest boys are lots better boys than they used to be.

Everett should know. He's watched thousands of boys mill in and out the creaking basement doors of the social science building. By now he's a pretty shrewd judge of collegiate human nature.

Morally and religiously, there hasn't been much change, he thinks. But students are better gentlemen—kinder, wiser, more polite.

Through the years Everett's managed to keep together a little loan fund which has helped more boys through College than many a scholarship. But he won't talk about that any more than he will the stacks of bad checks he's been handed. He will tell you, though, that some of his best friends have been students who after years voluntarily make good checks they'd never intended to be worth a cent.

• *Dr. L. Owens Rea*, recently named district grandmaster of Kappa Sigma, takes off a week-end every once in a while now to tour chapters of North Carolina and South Carolina. One of his main goals, he says, is to see first-hand social problems on other campuses, and pick up pointers so that he may give counsel locally as Pan-Hel adviser.

Much the same situation as exists here in regard to dancing is found on several other Carolina campuses, he told us—Davidson, for instance. It's a question of education of religious bodies, he agrees, to view the problems of college dancing and recognize the need for campus supervision.

And that education isn't any speedy process!

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If he smokes a pipe, a big, long-lasting pound of cool-burning Prince Albert spells smoking pleasure 'way into the New Year . . . at camp, on ship, at home. Prince Albert is choice tobacco, "no-bite" treated for mildness and "crimp cut." It's the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it. Your local dealer has two handsome Prince Albert "specials" . . . the pound tin (*above*) or the special glass humidor jar. (The humidor itself makes a handsome gift!) Get yours today.

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GIFTS THAT ARE SURE TO PLEASE IN BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS WRAPPERS

The STUDENT

STRICTLY ABOUT WOMEN

See Pages 3, 11-14

February 1942

"SET 'EM UP" —FOR CHAMPION LOWELL JACKSON

AND SET UP THE CAMELS, TOO

. . . Whether you're in there bowling yourself—or watching—nothing hits the spot like a cool, flavorful Camel

TALK ABOUT your wood-gettin' wonder! You're looking right at him—"Low" Jackson of St. Louis, 1941 All-American, captain of the world's match game champions, and possessor of one of the highest-scoring hooks in bowling today. Light up a slower-burning Camel and watch this champion in action.

THERE'S A SWIFT FLASH of the arm. The snap of a wrist. The ball whirls down the alley. Take a good long look at the way "Low" Jackson tossed that one—that's an All-American hook. Close to the gutter. Three-quarters down, she starts to break—straight for the slot. Watch it now—it's—

C-R-A-S-H! A perfect hit! The very sound of 'em falling sets you tingling all over. Like a homer with the bases loaded...a hole in one...like the full, rich flavor of a certain cigarette, it never fails to thrill. No matter how much you smoke, there's always a fresh, welcome taste to a Camel—for Camels are milder with less nicotine in the smoke.

THE SCORE-BOARD tells the story. More smokers prefer Camels...smokers like Lowell Jackson to whom mildness is so important...smokers who want a flavor that doesn't tire the taste...smokers who want more out of a cigarette than something to carry in hand or pocket. You'll never know what you've been missing until you smoke Camels.

TWENTY TIMES "Low" Jackson *(above)* has rolled the perfect score (300). Every time he lights up a Camel he smokes with the assurance of modern laboratory science that in the smoke of milder, slower-burning Camels there is less nicotine *(see below, left)*. Get a package of slower-burning Camels today, and smoke out the facts for yourself.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

● By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested — slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Camel

—the Cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The STUDENT
For Wake Forest Men

VOL. LVIII FEBRUARY 1942 No. 4

THEY'VE gone and done it. Wake Forest is co-ed.

And, we say, praise Allah! Sexless Wake Forest has been abnormal for 107 years. Its 40 to one boy-girl ratio is still abnormal. But it's improving.

And, after the flare-up of excitement that will certainly come when a routine winter session is first invaded by the fairer sex, the normal, healthy boy-girl relationships will blossom out, and the gang psychology that's characterized Wake Forest always will fade away.

Yes, praise Allah!

A college restricted to boys is a hang-over from monastic purity, medieval extremity, and downright damn foolishness.

A two-year old male is just as likely to build his mud pies with a two-year old female as not. As the years pass, he's much more likely to favor the company of his girl companion. The first 12 years of his education come with his sister and her friends.

Then, all of a sudden, the poor, unsuspecting victim is whisked away to a 20-acre plot where all he can do is whistle at a "skirt" as she rides by, write passionate, highly artificial epistles of devotion to Her back home, and dream about week-ends when he can skip back out into the world of man and woman and hear the sweet and vaguely familiar voice of a girl, stammer at her gentle flattery, and revel in her caresses.

He regards as a prime delicacy a girl on a short vacation from an all-girls' school—because he knows she'll "give" a lot more than normally. And the same goes for the boys.

Sexless education is abnormal. A boy graduating from masculine seclusion is much more likely to err in choosing his wife than if he'd been studying girls for four years in the classroom—in the juke joint, and out on the campus.

After all, we Wake Forest guys will theoretically live with women from the time we leave these old ivyed walls until we die. Anyhow, we hope so. And we might as well find out what they're like now.

So please, Mr. North Carolina Baptist, war or no war, and Meredith or no Meredith, let us keep our co-eds.

EDITOR.

MAN OF THE HOUR

'TWAS the night before classes began this semester, and Coach Bill Lange had brought his speedy little white Bantams over from Chapel Hill with the general intention of pasting another walloping on Coach Murray Greason's off-and-on Deacon quintet.

Down on one side of the press table Murray Greason sat hunched over with his subs as Cline, Bonds, Berger, Koteski, and Veitch took their places on the court. And at the South end of the gym, Carolina's Bill Lange relaxed a bit, smiled at his boys.

The whistle blew, Carolina took the ball, and bumped smack into a sterling new zone defense which Murray had decided was the only way to stop classy Bob Rose and Company.

After several minutes of play, Lange jerked Rose out, told him that he wasn't doing worth a darn getting into the basket, and took out a little red book from his pocket. For three minutes, Lange sketched diagrams from his manual, told Rose where to go to do what and just how to stop these Wake Forest lads from holding on to the ball.

"Okay, get in there and get through!" Lange told Rose.

Twice more he tried the same procedure. Diagrams and redbooks and courtside lectures all were wasted. Murray Greason's zone defense, inaugurated in practice sessions just two days before, had pulled the trick. Final score was Carolina's lowest of the season: 36-20. But even the boys in old gold and black threw the credit to their consistent, hard-working coach.

"Coach sure pulled a slick one out of the bag tonight," one of the players grinned after the game.

It's things like that which make Wake Forest boys—and girls—feel pretty proud of baseball and basketball Coach Murray Greason, who's been pulling them out of the bag all his life.

A Wake Forester by birth, Murray studied law under Dr. Gulley after he finished his academic work here, and got his LL.B. in 1926.

"That," he says, "was just to be doing something. I never did have any idea of practicing law. The next year I went to coach at Lexington High. After seven years there, I came here as assistant coach. Here I am, and that's the whole story."

Modest and tight-lipped when it comes to talking about himself, Murray forgot to mention, for instance, the time his Lexington High ball players came up to Raleigh and took the state basketball championship. All the kids in Lexington immediately swamped dealers for rubber basketballs and net hoops to tack up on the side of the barn; and basketball from then on was assured of hearty Lexington support.

Murray's Wake Forest record is stellar all the way through. The qualification prohibiting freshmen participation in varsity intercollegiate contests was not in effect back in 1924, and he amassed something of a record with four years on the football team, four on the baseball squad, and four at basketball, plus participation in several track meets.

Deacontowners don't forget a record like that, and it was just a question of time until he was called back to begin work on a soon-to-be rejuvenated bas-

See GREASON, page 20

Fats Sobers Up

There were lots of nightmares in life for this hefty fellow; and among them was a little incident with the Dean. But it did him more good than his bromo.

by **NEIL MORGAN**

FATS cursed and swore and curled his pillow around his head. There just naturally wasn't any excuse for any alarm clock's stirring up that much racket. No sense in getting up. A few more overcuts couldn't make matters much worse.

He propped his huge middle up by a chubby elbow and rubbed blood-shot eyes with the back of his thumb. He angled a glance at his wrist: quarter past ten. Down below in the chapter room a wheezing needle got stuck in a rut on an over-played record and a husky voice kept shouting:

"I got the . . . I got the . . . I got the . . . I got the. . . ."

"For God's sake, fix that record!" Fats heard his roommate shriek from below.

"Blues in the night," continued the vocalist.

Everything was all quiet for a minute except for the wheezing needle on the scratchy record. Fats lay back on the bed; twelve minutes to go until that ten-thirty. Well, he'd be a little late.

One of the pledges hollered from below: "Bid two hearts." Fats mumbled something to himself.

"Three clubs," he heard his roommate answer back.

Fats' hefty arm dropped back on his pillow. Voices droned on, drifted away. "Clubs, spades, diamonds, hearts, spades. diamonds, hearts . . . spades . . . diamonds . . . hearts."

Fats went back to sleep. His head was pounding. His guts were trembling. There were two ash trays full of cigarette butts on the bookless desk, and an empty fifth of straight bourbon on the window ledge cast a brown reflection toward the mirror in the darkened room. His shoes were lying on their sides in the middle of the floor. His pants were beside them. One end of a tie straggled out from under the cover, and a sweatered arm was crooked underneath his pale face. There was a yellow splotch on his pillow. . . .

* * * * *

The window shade snapped to the top with a resounding bang that made Fats jump from his pillow. He blinked his bleary eyes as light poured into the room. Then he saw his roommate.

"What the hell's the idea, Tom?" Fats blurted out as he fell back on his pillow, staring up at his tall roommate.

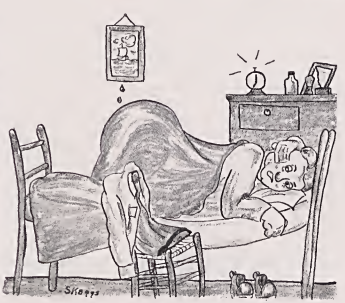
Tom didn't say anything. He angled the empty brown bottle out the window, headed it straight for the big trash can at the corner of the dormitory. He kicked Fats' shoes under his bed, threw his pants over a chair. Then he began to wind the alarm started it ringing, and set it on the chair beside Fats.

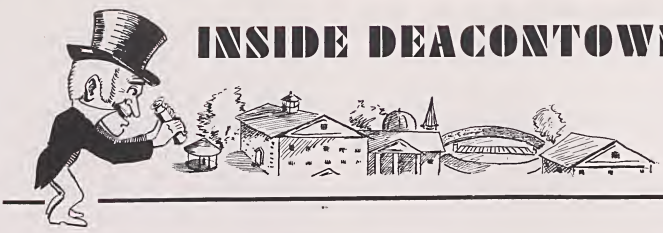
"It's lunch time, mine sotty roommate," Tom shot out with a trace of disgust, as he stood above Fats, arms on his hips, "That's two more cuts. Say, fellow! When was the last time you tried a class? Whatsa matter? Didn't like it, or something?"

Tom leaned over, threw the cover off his roommate and broke out in a good-natured grin as he surveyed his flabby form. Even the draft board had decided Fats was a little too big. And that had been six months ago, before he'd come to school, before his country had gone to war.

"Shirt and tie are a bit wrinkled, old fellow," he grinned, relaxing. "Shower might do you good. Go on and get under. And by the way. Here's your mail on the table. Call me when you think you're able to listen, and I'll read it to you, sonny boy. There's a letter from the dean. Guess he's congratulating

See FATS, page 19





INSIDE DEACONTOWN

• *Cover gal* this month is Penny Clark, who climbed the twenty-foot steel ladder inside Wait Hall's bell tower, and surveyed the Wake Forest campus to give the photographer that "co-ed appeal." Only casualty of the Tarzan act was a broken-off fingernail which, Penny claims, will be just over two years coming back out.

• *Vivacious Helen Crutchfield* caused discord in the ranks of Wake Forester's varsity footballers at a college convocation the other day. Quietly attentive to the speaker, she was sitting at the end of a rather crowded church balcony row. But somehow she managed to find room beside her for Pop Zakim, who midway the convocation decided he wanted to sit down.

Titters ran through the male-jammed balcony as bearded Zakim took his seat. And it seems to have been too much for Pete Horchak, a rumored good pal of Crutchfield's, who proceeded to get up and walk out of the church.

• *Wartime finances* aren't bad enough to stop Wake Forest publications next school year, says Bursar E. B. Earnshaw. Although the bursar is urging economy in operation of all three campus publications, Dean Bryan suggests that *Old Gold and Black* be continued throughout the summer, as the news organ of a revitalized summer school.

• *Success story of the month* is that of petite Valeria Fuller, law school secretary and prime aide to Dean Stansbury. First assuming her duties in 1935 as assistant to Librarian Donald Gulley, Valeria was asked by Dr. Stansbury to do some stenographic work. The dean so liked her neat efficiency, so the story goes, that he made her general secretary of Wake Forest's law school. In her seven years of work, she has missed only half a day because of illness.

Valeria, incidentally, makes a big hit with Wake Forest's steady stream of barristers. Her correspondents include more than half of the 200 law students who have passed in and out the doors of Heck-Williams Building's second floor.

• *Reward came Christmas* to a Wake Forester who had given four years of work to Deacontown publications without sharing much of the alleged glory. Bill Ellington, until then art editor of THE STUDENT, married Nancy McCrary, graduated, and this issue is being replaced in his publications position by Alan Stansbury and two able assistants.

• *Among student body prexy* Eli Galloway's many successful innovations is that of organized cheering at basketball turnouts in Gore gymnasium. It seems that the Deacons got a bitter dose of Tar Heel cheers in Chapel Hill at the season's first meeting of the two teams, and came back determined to hand back the same medicine.

Sportsmanlike or not, Deacontown's rousing chant of "Rose ain't so hot" served its purpose on eventful January 27 when the Tar Heels were held to their lowest score of the season. Greatest individual performance of the season, by the way, we'd say, was Herb Cline's all-out play in Murray Greason's zone defense.

• *The Christmas greeting* to Wake Forest published by State's *Wataugan* read like this:

We'd wish you happy Christmas thoughts
If one of you could hear it;
But by this time you've all passed out
With other kinds of spirit.

• *Deacontown knows* there's a war. Besides the boys who won't have cars for Midwinters because of slick tires and family economy, there are those who realize business as usual around campus and town is being slowed, and in many cases halted.

To be halted by war: student, faculty vacations; ROTC and armory construction hopes; some spring dances. Definitely cramped by wartime conditions are: chapel construction, plans for Wake Forest's new golf course and super highway, and fraternity activities.

• *Almost unbelievable,* but true: with the influx of new co-eds State College has begun methodical journeying North to Wake Forest for courting purposes. Social traffic on that Raleigh stretch of U S 1 won't be one-way from now on.

• *We bumped into* an average alumnus of Wake Forest at a ball game in Chapel Hill the other night. And, according to him, the old grads are something more than hot about the football situation here.

We listened with surprise and chagrin while he talked about widespread discontent among his fellows with the showing of Wake Forest football teams during the past several years.

"Golly," he said. "The boys are good. The material is there. It's something else. And me and a couple hundred other alumni are willing to chip in a hundred dollars apiece if the College will hire a coach like Jock Sutherland."

He may be right. We don't know, sorta doubt it. But regardless of that, it seems to us that dissatisfied alumni would do well to bring their complaints, their offers, directly to Wake Forest's athletic department, and cut out ugly gossip among themselves. That's not like Wake Forest men.

• *Uncle Sam's trying* a different technique with American college students in this war. He's taking them to the Service, not the Service to them. No ROTC or Students' Army Training Corps, or anything similar is to be established on the Deacontown campus during the duration, if present plans hold out.

• *Wake Foresters struggled* with their women this month as they wrote long letters to best girls, explaining that although Tony Pastor might not be playing for midwinters, it would still be worth while for the beauties to be on hand. Lots of misunderstandings finally got cleared up.

Said Roy Truslow, Pan-Hel prexy: "There'll always be false rumors. But it looks like our dance band choice had more than its share this year."

• *Rosemary LaPlanche,* Chesterfield's *Miss America* of the billboards and display ads, is an old schoolmate of Freshman Sterling Beath, Los Angeles boy, who used to sit across the aisle from her in high school English classes.

Says Beath: "Rosemary was all right. But she had a kid sister that was downright beautiful!"

• *The 105th celebration* of Founders' Day January 27 proved that respectful commemoration of Wake Forest's early great by the previously powerful literary societies is about shot. The interest just ain't there. Eight speakers, two presiding officials, three judges, some 12 or 15 students, and two earloads of note-taking out-of-town high school debaters made up the audience for the afternoon ceremonies held in the church. Only faculty member present was a judge. Plans for a banquet fell through because nobody would go.

Without faculty support or student interest, Founders' Day is no more deserving of Wake Forest attention than Abraham Lincoln's birthday, and much more trouble.

• *Speaking of Meredith,* looks like another whisper campaign is in the offing for the state press. Tom Bost reported in the *Greensboro Daily News* what he called a well-founded rumor that North Carolina Baptists may soon be able to sell Meredith (they're allegedly been trying since three years after the College was built) and bring the girls on over to Wake Forest to study with us boys.

"Of course, it's probably not true," concludes Bost. Probably not. But it's a shame North Carolina can't have a top-ranking Baptist University like Texas' Baylor.

• *N. B. all delinquent contributors* to Wake Forest's thousand dollar student-bought defense bond: State College, within two and one-half weeks of Pearl Harbor, had already raised $750 and purchased a bond for a similar purpose.

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DON BRADSHER, *business manager*

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Alan Stansbury, *art editor;* Bob Gallimore, *photographer;* Scavy Carroll, Vic Harrell, Jr., Burnette Harvey, Romulus Skaggs, and Newbill Williamson.

BUSINESS

Paul Bell, *assistant business manager;* Furman Biggs, Lawrence Clark, Horace Miller, and Ned Thomas.

All contributions should be addressed to THE EDITOR, Box 924.

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From the Service:

Lots of Wake Foresters will soon follow Winston-Salem's Vie Harrell and his fellows into the air corps; here the life is contrasted with Wake Forest's life.

by **VICTOR HARRELL, '41**
U. S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida

TO my Wake Forest friends:

I have a class in night navigation coming up, and this will have to be speedy. But here goes!

Personally, I think this is by far the best branch of the Service. As you know, no one can enter the Naval Air Corps without having had two years of college; and most of us are college graduates. Naturally, after being thrown in college with the class of boys that Wake Forest has, it is extremely nice to work with that type. We're officers in a junior grade; and believe you me, this means everything in a military organization.

There's never a dull moment here at Pensacola. At first we fly three hours a day, and a day never passes but what you have one thrill on top of another. Imagine coming in for landings with two or three hundred other planes around you doing the same thing. You land with planes just in front of you, just behind you, on your left, and on your right, all of them very close.

When you're master of the art, you really feel as though you've accomplished something. That's what I like about this life; you're constantly improving yourself. I believe I can truthfully say I've learned more in the six months in the Navy than I learned in any two years of college. We accomplish more in four weeks in a subject than we did in College in a year.

We live in large, comfortable buildings, two to a room with really soft, single beds, two dressers, two large closets, and all the modern conveniences. Each building has two lounges which are provided with leather over-stuff furniture, two different daily papers twice a day, and most of the current magazines.

The food is excellent. We eat off white linen table cloths and have Negro waiters. Better far than most college food.

Then the recreation. Boy, that's what we've plenty of. They provide us with a large theatre, larger than the ones in Wake Forest, and ultra-modern. It changes pictures every day, and is free. Then there are golf courses, tennis courts, horseback riding, driving ranges, sail-boating, swimming, baseball, football, basketball, handball, and other sports. For those that enjoy good books, there is a modern library.

Of course there is the famous officers' club, which has a wonderful dance every Saturday night. It also serves meals and you can take your girls there at will. Mixed drinks and hard liquors are there by the gallons. To offer further recreation along that line we have the Cadet Club, which serves only beer and soft drinks. Kind of like Forest Heights.

The morale here is extremely high. Most of the boys know that they will have to carry the brunt of the burden during the war. We like to fly. The boys here are by far the best pilots in the world. If you don't believe that, you should watch them peal off from 5,000 to 10,000 feet and hit a target the size of a small room in the center, or watch the boys use their free guns on sleeves towed by another aircraft; or better still, watch one cadet pilot a big PBY patrol bomber while another acts as the bomber. They really drop the cat in the bag.

The thing I prefer over the Army air corps is that each Navy pilot is an expert gunner, an expert navigator, and bomber as well as pilot. You really get a varied training and become good in many things.

Let me advise all of you fellows that really want to have fun, live good, and get the best of training to get in the Air Corps. It's a hard life; you've got to work, but it's enjoyable and you've got all you want. I'm really enjoying it better than College, and I wouldn't swap places with any of them—even as much as I enjoyed my stay at Wake Forest.

Best regards to all you boys, and drop me a line sometime.

Sincerely,

VICTOR HARRELL.

Bldg. 659
Room 1933
U. S. N. Air Station
Pensacola, Florida

PICTURES OF THE MONTH show two of the three wrecks which have convinced Wake Forest that there's a jinx on Doc Hardwicke's rail-side drug store.

In 1917 a wrecked train's cab landed a bit over two feet from the brick wall of the three-story building. In 1928 (see small pictures) the locomotive rammed into the rear of the drug store. In 1942 it settled to rest against a telephone post, just eight inches from the Northwest corner of Hardwicke's. (Picture above.)

Rumors which make these wrecks traditional are many. Here are the three best.

1917: the pharmacist was still asleep in his third floor room when the wrecker arrived in the early morning. A worker wanting first aid finally had to wake him up.

1928: four gallon bottles of Coca-Cola syrup were smashed in the debris as the locomotive snubbed its nose in the brick. Engineer and firemen climbed out of the cab into the syrup on the drug store floor, made tracks to the front door, found it locked, and had to get outside by climbing back through the cab. The coffin used by the Masonic Order in its second-floor initiations was teetering on the ledge after the crash, fell to the ground some minutes later.

1942: engineer and fireman clung to steel support on right side of cab as it turned over to the left, then crawled out. Fireman Cross surveyed his gabardine overalls, purchased the day before, brushed them off, and mumbled as he re-entered the cab to turn off the hissing steam—"God, that was close. Thought I was going to tear up my overalls."

Locomotive 235, the one wrecked in 1928, passed through Wake Forest late January 15, as locomotive 243 lay on its side in an almost identical spot.

1942 photograph by courtesy Raleigh *News and Observer*; 1928 photographs by W. W. Wiggins, Sir Walter Drug Store, Raleigh.

For Midwinters Casanovas

Are you potent on dance week-ends, or does your girl come up just to look around? Here's your chance to find out, by courtesy Davidson's SCRIPTS 'N PRANKS. Your score is on page 18.

1. When your date got off the bus, she:

(a) shouted, "Let's eat!"

(b) asked if her slip was showing.

(c) kissed you in front of the fellows.

2. When you arrived at the house, she:

(a) bummed a cigarette off the muscular frosh from Jersey who plays tackle on the third-string.

(b) played "Intermezzo" on the phono till supper.

(c) dragged you back in the sitting room and shut the door.

3. During supper, she:

(a) held hands under the table with the Jersey frosh.

(b) embarrassed you by telling the "Wham Bam" joke when there was a lull in the conversation.

(c) said she couldn't wait till you two were alone again.

4. During your no-break at the Friday night dance, she:

(a) laughed at you when you tried to get sentimental.

(b) sang off key in your ear and got lipstick on your white tie.

(c) kissed you tenderly and murmured something about this just being the beginning.

5. After the dance, she:

(a) went in at 2:30 because she had a terrible headache.

(b) wore fur mittens when you were holding her hands.

(c) pitched woo with you till seven in the morning.

6. Saturday morning, she:

(a) was sitting on the Jersey frosh's lap when you went to get her for lunch.

(b) got a milkshake with you at Snyder's.

(c) sat with you on the back row in Professor Jones' English class.

7. At the dance Saturday night, she:

(a) sulked because you hadn't sent her a contraband orchid she could wear in her hair.

(b) ripped the buttons off your coat when she was behind you in the Conga chain.

(c) sat behind the crepe paper decorations with you while the band was playing your favorite tune.

8. After the dance Saturday night, she:

(a) disappeared with the frosh from Jersey.

(b) went to sleep while you were driving back from Raleigh.

(c) stayed out with you till eight o'clock Sunday morning.

9. Sunday morning, she:

(a) slept till lunch time.

(b) greeted you with a Bromo-Seltzer in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

(c) got up to go to church with you.

10. Sunday afternoon, she:

(a) cried when she told the Jersey boy good-bye.

(b) yawned in your face and read *Esquire* while you made eyes at the date of the junior transfer.

(c) said it was the best set of dances she had ever been to and made you promise to come up to see her the following week-end before she would kiss you good-bye.

See MIDWINTERS, page 18

A Co-Ed Discovers Wake Forest

Right: Sleepy-headed Penny Clark crawls out of bed at 8:30 and glistens up an Ipana smile before the bathroom mirror in the rustic home of her sister, wife of Physics Professor Herman Parker.

Below: That smile almost comes for the photographer who backed up Professor Carver in his nine o'clock religion class. Penny doesn't mind the six boys; she grew up in Chapel Hill.

Above: It takes Pika D. E. Ward, old-time schoolmate of Penny's, to really bring the smile, though, over a chocolate shake at Snyder's between classes. Cark Givler's mouth waters for milkshake or girl?

Left: Just to be sure she's in shape to yell at the VMI game at night, Penny runs by the infirmary and gets a little mercurochrome on the vocal chords at the hands of Dr. Muckle. (It was supposed to be a gag, but the good Doc let loose with a big squirt. Then came the gagging.)

Photos by Bob Gallimore

Left: Bob Wilson, SPU official, really thinks he is studying here. Penny probably is. New co-ed Beth Perry compares comments at the next table with Phi society president Dewitte Trivette, Kappa Sig.

Below: From germs to pasteurized milk at Miss Jo's, where model and editor take a big lunch on THE STUDENT. (Say—is the business manager around anywhere?)

Above: Penny discovers a germ; under the microscope, if you please—with Editor Nell Morgan, Sig Ep, holding some more in hand. Penny gets a big kick out of lab work, Fred Waring, bridge, yellow, hamburgers, and the Wake Forest atmosphere.

Right: It's a three o'clock movie date Penny has with basketball co-captain Jim Bonds. The Sig Eps seem to be making the best of the situation, with Bo Tyson at the wheel of his convertible, and Paul Bell and Carl Greene taking care of Beth in the back.

Right: Everybody sees "Sergeant York"; that is, except Bonds, who seems to be interested in other things. Vital statistics, for instance: she's 19, five feet three, 118 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes.

Below: And everybody drops by for possible mail after the show; Penny makes good with a letter from her new home town—Newport News, Va., where she held a secretarial job during our first semester.

Above: The party slows down long enough at the almost-completed community house and swimming pool for Penny to peek out from under the stone diving stand, across to the hall soon to be available for college dances.

Left: Last stop on Bonds' afternoon date is the SPE house, where Comptroller Bedford Black kicks Pledge Greene and Member Bell out of the way long enough to show Beth the lodge's scrapbook.

Left: It looks like the Kappa Sigs are on the warpath tonight; for Student Body President Eli Galloway leaves the gym with date Penny after a 41-43 win over VMI. Penny watched Bonds throw in eight points. Glum Pika George Watkins in the foregrond looks jealous.

Below: It's a big party for the Kappa Sig boys tonight, and Penny and Eli aren't missing a thing. Dr. Black's daughter Betty talks to an unseen partner on the divan. It's a good time to forget Baptist dancing quarrels.

Above: Penny teams with Coach Peahead Walker's boy Peahead for a round of bridge. And they outlast Eli and Betty by exactly two tricks, one of which Penny is just about to rake in.

Right: Moon River on her portable radio, an apple to nibble, and some economics to absorb make the set-up at 12:35; Eli is on his way back to the Kappa Sig house, while Penny is just before calling it a day—and a hectic one.

. . . As It Must To All Men

Death struck in Tennessee's mountains early on one of God's most beautiful mornings. Men sobbed, and men smiled; simply because all men are not alike.

by **BURNETTE HARVEY**

THE first rays of the morning sun were just creeping over the stern brow of Iron Mountain, and its light was reflected by innumerable dewdrops that glistened on the leaves. The air still held the buoyant, chilling freshness that makes the Eastern Tennessee mountain country a cool retreat from the hottest summer.

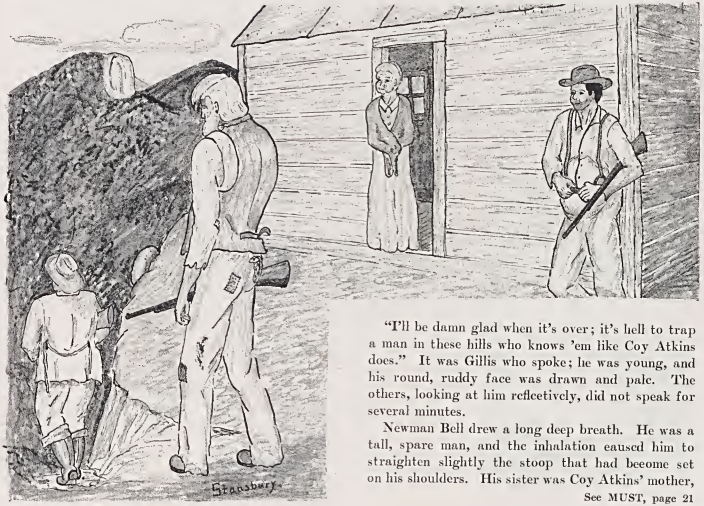
On the trail which led through the gap from Poplar to a little log cabin in the hills a strange procession was making its way. Leading the line was a giant man whose shaggy head had to be bowed often to pass under the canopy of vines and foliage which covered the trail. Yet he moved with the grace and cunning of the mountain wildcats. He reminded one of the great oak that had stood for a century on the highest crag of the sheer white cliff called the White House, which served as a landmark for the mountain dwellers.

Behind him the others trudged—Ed Masters, Ezra Garland, Newman Bell, and Lattie Gillis. All the men carried long rifles, and under their coats the hard, cold muzzle of revolvers slapped thin thighs as they walked.

At a sharp turn in the trail three hundred yards from the little cabin the men stopped. They didn't hear the clear dulcet notes of the robins that flitted overhead. Their minds were immersed in unpleasant thoughts. For many minutes they were silent; then Turner spoke. His words were brief, intense.

"We're about there, boys," he said.

"Yeah, but this won't be easy." Garland spoke more to himself than to the others.



"I'll be damn glad when it's over; it's hell to trap a man in these hills who knows 'em like Coy Atkins does." It was Gillis who spoke; he was young, and his round, ruddy face was drawn and pale. The others, looking at him reflectively, did not speak for several minutes.

Newman Bell drew a long deep breath. He was a tall, spare man, and the inhalation caused him to straighten slightly the stoop that had become set on his shoulders. His sister was Coy Atkins' mother,

See MUST, page 21

Sure, I Go To Church!

If you, as most of us, don't quite know what you believe and are scared to say so, you've got plenty of collegiate company right here.

COLLEGE students—and that means us—have been accused of knowing and caring less about their religious beliefs than any other group.

Some of us, with feelings of clever satisfaction, casually remark at Christmas that Jesus Christ was born in April, and that we needn't attach religious significance to December 25.

We recognize the importance of religion and believe that eventually it will become of value to us. But, like the celebration of Christmas, we delay any efforts to outline a practical set of principles which, however low, will guide us in decisions and actions.

Religion, according to the most complete statistics ever made available, is vital in the lives of 13.3 per cent of college students in America. This is by our own statements and admissions.

Yale research in 1939 brought to light an interesting account of the student's attitude toward religion. If you're scared to decide what your beliefs are because they may appear too radical or too revolutionary—or if you hesitate to find yourself in a class by yourself, you may be interested:

Statements of Religious Attitude

	Per Cent of Total
1. I have no interest in religion and feel that a man can live a good life without it.	6.6
2. I go to church because my parents expect me to go, but religion has very little real meaning for me.	3.3
3. I find religion an interesting subject for thought and discussion, but do not consider it has a very great influence on a man's way of life.	15.7
4. I find religion an interesting subject for thought and discussion and feel that it has helped me so far in my attempt to live a good life.	22.1
5. I feel that religion is a vital part of my life and that it is essential that one closely follow its teachings.	13.3
6. Although at the present time religion does not mean much to me, I recognize its importance and believe that with growing experience and maturity it will become vital.	35.6
7. Others	3.3

Miss Eva Vause, who used to prefer woman patients to men, starts in on her fifteenth year as resident nurse at the college hospital by throwing bouquets to Wake Forest boys, exactly 13,713 of whom have gone to her "to get well" since she came in 1927.

She says in all those years she's found just several boys who weren't easy to get along with; and she describes us as polite, courteous, friendly, and appreciative.

Miss Eva says she's so busy that she "can't get into any mischief." The ex-teacher hopes fondly that Wake Foresters will be careful this month and avoid a flu epidemic; big epidemics of the past 15 years were mumps in 1928, smallpox in 1931, and flu epidemics of 1936 and 1941.

Two thousand, five hundred and eighty nine boys have been sent to bed by her since 1927, and an accumulated 23 years, three months and seven days have been spent by these boys under her care.

A native of Kinston, Miss Eva graduated from Philadelphia Graduate Hospital in 1927, came here, and had so many throats to spray and ankles to soak that Marjorie Jackson last September came to Wake Forest as first full-time hospital assistant to Miss Eva.

Gad! Aren't We Sleepy!

Wake Forest boys leaned forward three minutes after sunrise this week and stared through sleep-bleared eyes at pop quizzes which professors scribbled on blackboards to give themselves time to step outside and finish dressing.

Those lucky enough to have cars with tires drove to eight o'clock classes with headlamps burning.

College lights automatically went on at eight o'clock for the first time in modern history and the electric bill of a College struggling to be patriotically conserving light sky-rocketed.

"It *just don't* make sense to me!" confidentially announced several faculty members grudgingly. "We aren't saving light, and we don't feel as happy getting up before dawn."

Dean Bryan, admirably following government wishes, stood his ground firmly, though, and said: "We'll stick to Eastern wartime. The sun's rising earlier every day."

But even Wake Foresters who milked the cows back home looked sleepy around breakfast time. It's different getting up before dawn to look at a book, they said.

Everybody believes in education through hardships. We admire our fathers who proverbially trudged ten weary miles through two foot snow to reach a one-room red schoolhouse. But Wake Forest's schedule at present, is a bit worse than useless. Wartime was instituted primarily for industry and labor, for machinists and ship-builders. The local school, economizing on both electric lights and bus headlamps, went through the simple procedure of going on wartime, then moving its entire schedule one hour later. Result: Professors' boys and girls go to school at the same sun time as before. Faculty members no longer enjoy the privilege of tucking grammar school youngsters in bed early the night before; those youngsters will have one hour more sleep than the old man next morning.

Several professors are allegedly holding out for the College to run its schedule forward similarly, with eight o'clocks hereafter beginning at 9:00, and lunch at 1:20 instead of 12:20.

We don't much care, really. We'll stay sleepy either way. But we do say more power to that group which would save us from getting up by kilowatts. ●

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TRY
SHORTY'S

The Best Place to Hang Around.

Hollowell's
Grocery

"Good Things to Eat"

FOR MIDWINTERS CASANOVAS
Score

Continued from page 10

Give yourself one point for each group where you checked (*a*); three points for each (*b*); and six for a (*c*) statement. Sixty is the highest possible score.

Forty-five points or over: Yep, you're a Casanova, and definitely on the beam. It may be that you just know which girls to ask to the dances, but more likely you're a natural powerhouse. You're not the sort of guy a girl compliments on his dancing. That's almost incidental with you on a dance weekend.

Thirty to 45 points: You're all right. Your date may regard you more as a big brother than a wolf in sheep's clothing, but that doesn't disturb her having fun with you. Maybe you've got eyes like her fellow who's a rear rank private in the army and she likes being reminded of what she's missing. Or maybe you appeal to her intellectually, but that's still all right. You're the kind of guy a girl ends up marrying after she's had her fling with the boy who regards intermission as synonomous with entertainment.

Fifteen to 30 points: What's the matter, fellow? Haven't you been having your breakfast bran? Need your valves ground? Your date just couldn't get another invitation. You'd better get in on some bull sessions, learn what goes on behind the scenes, then develop your neck-nique. Watch it, or next time you'll get flushed right down the drain.

Nothing to 15 points: Buddy, if your date ever told you to go fly a kite, you'd probably ask where some string was. What we can't figure out is how you ever get a date, or, what's more, *why* you ever bother to get one. You can see Betty Grable at the show for thirty cents. You're only your date's means to an end; but gad! what a means! You needn't try to hold her hand. She might bite your wrist. Get a little of Charles Atlas' mail-order dynamic tension. On second thought, why bother? You wouldn't mind being a bachelor, would you? ●

A BICYCLE BUILT "FOR PHEW"

but Pete's out of the dog house now!

WHEN PETE LIT HIS PIPE, poor Patsy got dizzy. "Listen to me, my love!" said she. "You stop and get some mild tobacco that *smells* good or else!"

THE HAPPY ENDING! Pete got himself some Sir Walter Raleigh, that mild, mellow blend of fine burleys. And all was kopasetic! *Try this brand of grand aroma.*

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BREWER'S

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●

FATS

Continued from page 5

you on that E you managed to pull in last semester, or is he mad about your monopolizing all the F's?"

Fats crawled out of bed, headed for the bathroom. He didn't say anything. Tom shrugged his shoulders, dropped the two letters, and went on to lunch. Fats, he guessed, was a hopeless case. Wasn't much point in his staying around any longer. He had his Buick convertible, his liquor, his women, and his money. The fraternity and the school weren't doing him much good. They were incidental in his life at the present. That other letter was probably just another from his dad telling Fats to settle down to work or else come home. Oh, well.

* * * * *

Fats crawled out of his sweaty clothes, turned on a heavy shower of cold water, and stepped inside. It was punishment. He gritted his teeth, shivered hard once, then decided to enjoy it. He forced a smile to his face and started whistling.

"Whistle while you work," Fats croaked in a feeble voice.

Work? Work? That was an idea. He soaped his exhausted body with a cake of clean-smelling red soap and cursed softly at himself. Throwing the soap back in the tray, he turned the warm water spigot just a bit, rinsed off, and stepped back in his room to mix a Bromo. This, he thought to himself, is a hell of a life.

He glanced toward the table and saw his two letters. One envelope said "Office of the Dean," and he tore it open:

Dear Sir:

Please see me in my office at 4 p.m. today.

Sincerely yours,

J. H. Hendricks,
Dean.

Fats stood still a moment with a towel thrown over his bare shoulders, his Bromo on the table, gradually fuzzing down. This has been coming a long time, Fats thought to himself. Well, I asked for it.

* * * * *

"The dean has had a mighty hard day of it, Fats!" smiled blonde little Gloria, the dean's first cousin and secretary as she greeted the Dean's guest at five minutes to four. "Be careful with him. He's apt to blow off about anything."

"Thanks, Gloria," Fats grunted, and sat down.

"Say, old fellow: What's eating you? And here with five minutes to spare, too! You've always kept him waiting before!" Gloria exclaimed.

"Yeah. I've reformed, Gloria. I just left the library. Been getting up a history parallel assignment that old Tipsy said was now or never."

"Not you, Fats; I can't believe it!" winked Gloria as she mashed a button on the side of her desk and received an answering buzz. "Go on in. The dean's ready to talk to you."

Fats walked firmly in and stood before the Dean's desk.

"Sit down, son. Sit down," he snapped as he turned from some papers. "I've delayed this as long as I could—personal friendship and all that. But you've made a pretty weak showing here. I was hoping after our last talk you might wake up; but you don't seem to be doing any better. Normally, we'd have let you go six weeks ago; now there doesn't seem to be much else left to do."

The dean looked regretfully at Fats; and Fats stared back silently, gripping the arms of his chair and breathing a little heavily.

"You know, Fats," the Dean exclaimed, "that since we've gone into this war things are different. We don't have time to play around. It's study here, or do your share somewhere else. Your dad writes that he can put you to work at home. You'd be better off there, wouldn't you?"

Fats took a deep breath, swallowed, and opened his mouth.

"Dean, I'm serious this time. Give me one more chance. Give me two weeks, and then do what you want."

Dean Hendricks stared straight at the boy's flushed face for a moment, then asked:

"Do you mean that, Fats?"

The boy nodded, soberly.

"All right, then. One more chance. But if you throw it away, remember: the jig's up."

Fats said thank you, got up, and walked heavily out of the office. The Dean sat and watched; his mouth broke into a little smile as he watched the big fellow lumber out the door. But Fats passed by Gloria without even glancing at her; and the girl shook her head wonderingly. . . .

* * * * *

Seven days later Fats bumped into Dean Hendricks as they left the cafeteria, after supper.

"On your way to the postoffice?" the Dean asked.

"Yes sir, Dean," he replied.

"Come on and ride with me, then, Fats."

Fats said that yes he would, thank you, because he'd been walking a good bit lately, and he was tired. He told the Dean that he'd put his convertible in storage.

And the Dean replied that he'd heard the same.

"And what's more," the Dean added, "your lodge president tells me there haven't been any more bottles crashing out of your window this week."

He continued that several of the professors of whom he'd inquired had said there'd been a marvelous

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transformation in Fats. For Fats was trying. Fats was dead in earnest. Fats had decided to get an education, and he was going at it in a big way.

And so in good spirits Fats and the Dean walked into the postoffice. Fats' box was around a far corner, and it was toward it that he walked. The Dean opened his big box at the front, and waited for Fats.

But Fats didn't come. So the Dean turned the corner and walked back to see what was wrong.

Fats stood there in the middle of the floor, legs spread wide, blankly surveying a small white piece of paper. A tattered envelope lay at his feet.

"What's the trouble, Fats?" the Dean inquired.

But the boy was silent. Two little tears trickled down his flabby cheeks. The Dean walked around behind him, looked over his shoulder at the letter:

> Dear Sir:
> This is to inform you that you are among our revised list of selectees. Please report to Camp Lee on next Tuesday.
> Sincerely,
> Anson County Draft Board No. 5.

Suddenly Fats realized the Dean was behind him. He turned, began to speak in a slow monotone:

"Dean Hendricks, come join me. I believe I'll run out to the Heights for a little drink." ●

GREASON

Continued from page 4

ketball club. Jimmy Waller, one of Wake Forest's all-time great, came on the scene shortly thereafter, and led his teammates to participation in 1937 as Southeastern champions in the National Intercollegiate Athletic Association Tourney in New York.

Head coach in just one sport wasn't enough, though; and Murray took over Coach John Caddell's work with the diamond boys, tied for state championship in one of his first two years with the squad.

Married, Murray is particularly fond of Murray, Jr., who in the picture above was reviewing the work of his hero Herb Cline in the V.M.I. game, as reported by the Raleigh *News and Observer*.

Five-year-old Murray, Jr., who's admittedly quite a basketball expert, had these two comments to make for the press:

"They ought to quit shooting each other and start buying these defense stamps.

"And they ought to quit having referees, or anyhow have him call fouls just on the other team!"

To which proposal Coach and papa lent smiling agreement. ●

MUST

Continued from page 15

and everyone knew that he had thought of the boy as a son. He sighed again deeply before he spoke.

"Coy was always a good boy, but even when 'e was a little tyke that Atkins hotheadedness got the best of 'im. He uster come to my place ever' Summer 'bout this time; and ever' time he got in trouble with young Hawkins. They fit as boys; so it ain't surprisin' that they fit as men. It wuz just shoot 'cr git shot as fur as Coy wuz concerned." He spoke as if to lift as much of the guilt as possible from his nephew's shoulders.

Seth Turner glanced briefly at the sun, then to the men:

carry rifles

"We better git along, I reckon."

As they came to the cabin door they held the long rifles across their hooked arms expectantly. When they approached, a woman appeared in the door. Her lined face showed the signs of the hard life of the hills. It now wore a tired despairing expression that stirred the sympathy of the men. She waited for them as if she were not surprised at their coming, rather expected it.

"We've come for your son Coy, Miz Atkins," Turner announced briefly.

"I knew you'd be here." The hopeless monotones of her voice made her worn figure even more pathetic. "Coy ain't been here for days. He won't ever be here agin." The mountain woman's voice almost broke.

"We'll have to search the hills," Turner said. He didn't bother to search the cabin. He hadn't expected Atkins to be there.

As he turned to leave, the woman caught his arm. "Be careful, Seth, and try to have no more killin'. But I know you'll never git him alive."

On up the trail from the cabin the men went. Soon the cold stone face of the White House loomed before them. The lofty crags offered a perfect fortification; from any of several points a single man well-armed could hold off fifty. Turner knew his search would end there.

Suddenly the tranquillity of the morning was shattered by the sharp, piercing crack of a Winchester. Lottie Gillis clutched horribly at his belly and slowly sank to his knees. His face was no longer strained and drawn; it wore only a look of wonder and surprise. Seth Turner grabbed his arm quickly and dragged him to the shelter of trees.

"Newman, you better 'bide with the boy and see what you can do for him," Seth ordered briefly. "Ezra, stay down here and keep him busy. He's up there," pointing to a sharp projection on the face of the cliff. "Ed and me'll try to git behind him. Our only chance is to shoot 'fore he does." He looked rather sorrowfully at Bell, but the old man seemed not to notice. Turner and Masters slipped silently among the trees in a flanking move. One went to the right, the other to the left.

For two hours Garland lay in a protected spot and occasionally fired at the ledge on the cliff. He never saw his target, but the certainty of the murderer's position was declared by the screaming lead which tore at the foliage overhead.

Meanwhile the two flankers were slowly moving nearer to their cornered prey. Every skill of the hunter they concentrated on the man on the ledge. They were guided to his position by the increasing nearness of the firing. An hour after he had left the others, Seth Turner caught sight of the prostrate man, clutching a gleaming Winchester in his hands. Turner stopped, not of his own will, but at the command of some faculty of which he was not conscious. Suddenly he seemed to notice for the first time his surroundings.

Could it be that he was to take this man's life when the whole realm of nature around him sang forth that life is sweet and good? The idea of Death seemed so foreign that he was startled. Slowly, however, his wandering senses were made to concentrate on Atkins. Seth didn't like the idea of shooting a man in the back. He had never done that, before. But slowly he leveled his rifle at Atkins' exposed back.

climbs toward ledge

Meantime, Masters had made his way around the cliff and up to the level of the ledge on which Atkins lay. When he had gained a vantage point from which he could see the man, he threw himself on his stomach and lay still for a few minutes. His eyes were narowed, and he watched the man as a hunter watches his quarry.

This business was not new to Ed Masters. He had killed before. His mind flashed back to the time six years before when he had gone into the hills alone in search of another killer. People had said then that he had nerves of steel. Quickly he shouldered his rifle and pulled the trigger.

Seth Turner's eyes were looking down the sights of his rifle just at that moment. He had it aimed now; but he hadn't fired. He couldn't shoot without first giving the boy a chance to surrender. He lowered his rifle, and started toward the spot where Atkins lay.

He had gone only a few yards when again he heard the sharp report of a rifle. This time it came from his right. Looking quickly at the man on the ledge, he saw the body twist in a single convulsion. Then it lay still. Even the most persuasive language Seth Turner could master would not be able to reach the boy now.

A scant two hours after it had ascended, the procession started down Iron Mountain again. The birds and trees and flowers gave the morning glory. No one might guess what the past two hours had held; for all the world seemed full of gladness.

Yet much had changed in those two short hours. In the little cabin in the gap Coy Atkins lay in the calm repose of Death. On a bed of leaves at the foot of the White House, young Gillis writhed in agony and prayed for Death, all the while consumed with a horror of this closest escape. By his side sat Newman Bell, loser not of his own life, but one dearly loved.

The other three walked silently down the trail past an open cabin door where a bereaved mother stood wild-eyed, frozen.

Ezra Garland was anxious to get back to his family, and, eyes set straight ahead, he paced ahead —firmly. Maybe he'd have a chance today to break up that lowground he'd been trying to get to.

Old Seth Turner's giant frame, though, was sagged and drooped. He followed, slowly, with faulty footsteps. His eyes were glued to the ground, his face torn with grief.

Ed Masters, the man of destiny, gripped his Winchester tightly as he passed the old lady, looked up at her motionless form and nodded, half-smiling:

"See you next Saturday, Missus Atkins." ●

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The STUDENT

DR. GULLEY IS BACK

Story on page 6

Spring 1942

WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—

She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."

Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.

She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.

Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's strictly Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

FLYING INSTRUCTOR
PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE CIGARETTE FOR ME. **EXTRA MILD**— AND THERE'S SOMETHING SO CHEERING ABOUT CAMEL'S **GRAND FLAVOR**"

● "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over — over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness...but that alone doesn't tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else...something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!

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The STUDENT
For Wake Forest Men

Vol. LVIII MARCH 1942 No. 5

ON the night of March 27, the name of J. Hendren Gorrell lost none of its vitalness. The man who since 1894 had given his all to Wake Forest College—whose request for burial in a pine box portrayed his humble, virtuous life—that man will always be alive at Wake Forest.

His death in body was a minor detail in a massive over-all mural which is not only J. Hendren Gorrell, but Wake Forest College.

It is the mural of college life for which the word *traditions* is too trite.

It is the mural which bursts forth in the mind of every one of thousands of alumni of Wake Forest College when he thinks of Dr. Gorrell—or Dr. Billy, Dr. Cullom, Dr. Lynch, Dr. Sledd, Wait, Simmons—of budding magnolias in the spring—long expectant lines of swirling gowns and caps—tense moments of hushed suspense before a try for extra point—or the clamor of a boarding house at dark as lads with shower-moist heads file in for steak suppers after a warm afternoon on the diamond or the courts.

And the miracle of the mural of Wake Forest is that, like a bolt of cotton cloth rolling—completed, off the looms, it is continuous, never-ending.

In campus classrooms today are teachers whose cultured, liberal, friendly spirits will be as omnipresent in the next lap of the mural as those of Gorrell and his fellows.

Carefree, nonchalant freshmen of today will soon spend reminiscent hours in pensive thoughts of their school days—just as pensive as those today of the men who have preceded.

A hundred years from today Wake Forest boys and girls will beg for an extra holiday just as did the little handful back in 1837—just as we did last fall.

Educators who have sacrificed fame will still guide green youths through hazy channels of learning and show them how to live like gentlemen.

Campus reformers, too, will still be at work and will still fancy themselves original and radical.

By their senior year, conceited youths who were "big stuff" back home will be deciding that they still have something to learn about life.

For all this is the saga of college life—and Wake Forest will always have its share.

All of us—led by spirits such as the one which "Herr" Gorrell has left behind, are units in the mural. It will continue to unfold so long as liberal culture—Wake Forest's essence—remains. ●

She Scrapped Tradition

Wake Forest officials just couldn't get around the fact that F. Lanier—as they recorded her on the books—was the best "man" for the job.

STRICTLY on the line of a success story is that of Wake Forest's first woman teacher—hired by the government to teach Wake Forest boys how to fight a war.

She's Frances Lanier, assistant in the newly-formed defense course.

Secured in an emergency, just as Deacontown's co-eds, she still definitely "fits" despite some previous fears that Uncle Sam wouldn't like to have a gal in the midst of throbbing masculinity at Wake Forest.

It began like this.

Kid brother Johnny came back home last summer after his freshman year at Wake Forest and announced that he thought the school was a bit of all right. Frances, who had just graduated from Meredith and had heard similar reports, was wondering how to spend a summer. She ended up in the Wake Forest summer school.

Then the question for Frances—who had signed to teach math at Prospect Hill High School, near Roxboro, in the fall—was what to study during the summer. All paths seemed to lead to Professor Hubert Jones' mathematic department; but once there, she found she had just about every course offered except Prof. James G. Carroll's mechanical math course.

The whole department — strictly stag — confided in Frances that she wouldn't have a ghost of a chance to get by those courses, which were rather generally admitted to be "no crips."

"We'll give you three days!" her classmates kidded. "And bet you can't stick in this course any longer."

Frances gritted her teeth and went to work. Anything that boys can learn, she told herself, she could.

Professors doubted it. But she knew better. And by the end of the summer Frances had racked up a "straight A" average—and topped all her boy-ribbers by doing it. That was that.

Came September last, and Frances took over her public school job at Prospect Hill. Everything was going quietly until December 7. After then Wake Forest officials got busy preparing for new defense courses which would put the college in line with Uncle Sam's wartime education policy.

Professor Carroll was put at the head of the program, and secured for Wake Forest an extension branch of State College's defense courses. Wake Forest's Tom Arrington would help him. But about 50 men had signed for the course, and more help was needed. Qualified teachers were scarce.

Then came the thought of thoughts. Frances had turned in a super record on similar work during the summer. Why not Frances? But a woman at Wake Forest? Well, even possible obstacles because of that could be overlooked. Besides, the government would be paying her.

So they called on her. Prospect Hill school would be glad to let her have the promotion—but where were they going to get another teacher? Everybody, including Wake Forest, started looking for a high school math teacher in December and at the last minute, one was found. Frances packed her bags and came to Wake Forest along with the slight influx of co-ed students at the end of the first semester late in January.

There was just one more little problem. Wake Forest authorities weren't sure what Uncle Sam would think of a girl's teaching war at a masculine school.

See TRADITION, page 18

Johnny Grows Up

And discovers that there are lots of people who never will. Johnny had wanted to show those people that—but he found it was a long process.

by **NEIL MORGAN**

JOHNNY'S long, thin fingers were glued to the keys of the typewriter. They wouldn't get off. The smoke from the seventh cigarette of the second pack of the night idled lazily into a bluish fog above the big bright bulb that hung over his desk, and Johnny tilted his chair back against the wall and watched it. A rooster crowed somewhere outside. Everything else was quiet. He was all to himself, alone. Only Johnny was left in the offices along Publications Row down in the basement of the Science Building. And now long John was about shot.

It had been a long, hard night. Mostly he'd been thinking. He was all tied up—his philosophy, his opinions, his friends, his work. Everything was confused. Three years on Publications Row had got him the task of editing the little campus newspaper. And maybe it had taught him some things. He wondered.

Johnny roomed with Oscar Hamilton over on the second floor of the Lambda Kappa house. Sure—yeah, they'd been room-mates for three years, too. But Johnny and Oscar weren't alike; and it seemed somehow to Johnny tonight that their difference was the key to a lot of things he'd been trying to figure out.

Tomorrow, Oscar, the son of a small-town plutocrat who owned a string of stores all over two counties—Oscar, the conceited, happy-go-lucky duck who had crammed for three years on Johnny's notes but had led his women a merry chase all the while, this Oscar was going to be thrown up for student body president.

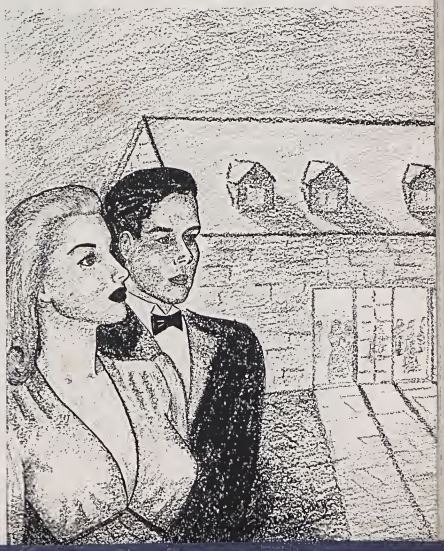
And Johnny knew well Oscar didn't deserve the place. He knew there were other men on the campus who would make better leaders. He had picked one out, and he had used his newspapr to fight against his room-mate.

Now all they did was sleep in the same room. Oscar thought it was a pretty cheap trick, and Johnny hadn't argued with him. Johnny and his candidate had just worked—slaved, like Johnny had always slaved.

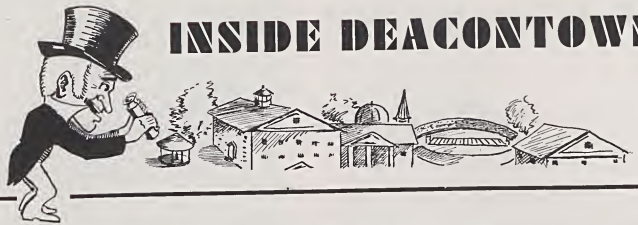
For Johnny was used to working. His dad had started out as a carpenter, and had kept at it so long and so well that he had set an example of persistence which Johnny wasn't ever going to forget. Maybe Johnny wasn't brilliant—but he was a man. He had grown up. He sat back in his chair and heard two more roosters crow and watched some more blue smoke curl from the stub of a cigarette that was burning the table edge to a brown, and wondered why it was that he and his boy were going to lose out tomorrow. Wondered why Oscar and his blasted conceited followers who thought they knew everything just because they had learned the way around the lower calves of seven professors' legs and taken in a bit more than their share of women and liquor—he wondered why these boys were going to come out on top tomorrow, and decided that college kids hadn't found out what life was about yet—hadn't thought about the fact that the money they spent had to be earned, and that there was more to life than earning that money and spending it.

He cursed as he stepped on his cigarette butt and

See JOHNNY, page 16



INSIDE DEACONTOWN



The *Daily Tar Heel* over on the Carolina campus has been begging editorially lately for some changes in next year's magazines there. They are considering combining the *Tar an' Feathers* and the *Carolina Mag*, and have asked for—

". . . a completely new type of magazine—a 'campus magazine,' to be neither humor, literary, or combined, but one exemplifying the best qualities of both college and commercial publications."

And, oh yes—and by the way. That's what we've been shooting at this year. Them's our sentiments. We've done our best. With this issue, we're through. The May issue will be in the hands of the new editor and staff. Regardless of its policy, the staff will probably appreciate your interest by way of *contributing*—shall we hint, a bit more of it?

• *Dr. Gulley is back.* Patriarch, martyr, educator, liberal, and friend to all, Needham Y. Gulley will always hold closest his love of the law. To found Wake Forest College's School of Law and to lead it for over 35 years was not enough for him. Although he was content to serve as unofficial legal adviser to the town and county and drive his 1930 Chevrolet—even though 87—the school needed him, and back he came.

So the name of Gulley is more than a Wake Forest tradition. It becomes again a molding force in the school. We salute you, Dr. Gulley, and are happy that you are with us again.

• *Congratulations are in order* for Bill Joe Patton for a student body prexy campaign which was a tribute to Wake Forest political traditions.

The small, dark youth—though thoroughly at home in the stiff shirt and tails—feels a bit more comfortable in loose slacks and sweat shirt on the golf links. Medalist on several occasions, Bill Joe has brought home to Wake Forest—with Al Dowtin—for the past two years top honors in the Biltmore Forest Invitational, long considered one of the major amateur golf meets of the nation. With the Southern Conference tourney coming up next month, the son of Morganton is expected to go back on the links for Deaeontown.

• *An interesting sidelight* to *Old Gold and Black's* over-zestful condemnation of the so-called "Eva Vause Passport" was this: the reported "investigation" which the newspaper said was requested in a faculty meeting, ended — we are told on neutral authority — in a drugstore-counter sally between Dr. Mackie and President Kitchin, which ran something like this:

Kitchin: How are you feeling today, George?

Mackie: Fine, thank you, Thurman. And you?

K.: All right, I guess. All right.

M.: Oh, yes. That reminds me. Little matter I wanted to talk to you about. Slipped my mind, just now. This piece in the *Old Gold and Black* on infirmary exeuses. Think we need to correct the paper on that?

K.: Why, no. I believe we might as well let that little squib be forgotten. Boys will be boys—and especially when they've got to find something to write about!

• *Southern Conference Basketball Tourney post mortems:* Saturday morning's *News and Observer* — first edition — rolled off the presses exactly thirty-five minutes late. Acting sports editor Anthony McKevlin trusted George Washington's Colonials to hold their 11-point lead with nine minutes to go, and started the presses rolling at 11:05 Friday night with a sports page streamer discussing a G.W. win. Presses were stopped at 11:13 as the William and Mary boys tied the score, and a new story was thrown on when the Virginia boys took the game, with the most sensational rally in tournament history. . . . Bones McKinney tried hard not to let the Duke Devils know it — but he was running a

blood count on Saturday afternoon before the finals game that was exactly 2,000 points too high. Appendicitis—doctors were afraid but they didn't worry him Saturday night.

• *The photographs of Wake Forest campus* buildings appearing in the new edition of the college catalog, soon to be off the presses, were made by New York photographers and Dr. E. E. Folk, and represent tops in photographic perfection. Best ever made at Wake Forest.

• *This publication* is quite sincere in its admiration for most members of the Wake Forest ministerial class. But there was one thing the other day that made us feel mighty ashamed of the boys.

Regardless of the issues involved in that little clash between Bob Gallimore's "In Time" column (terming the BSU a weak campus organization) and the *Deacon Beacon* — issues on which we do not qualify to express any opinion — we regretted to see the BSU publication call upon Jesus Christ in an effort to defend itself.

"No, Mr. Gallimore," the issue of March 13 concluded. "The local BSU is not notorious for its weakness, for its strength comes from one more powerful than both you and I plus your fraternity caucus."

True. Absolutely true. But it's uncalled for to leave Christ the Untouchable standing guard at the door, as it were, while you sneak inside and hide under a pile of leaves.

• *Another of Wake Forest's great* who should not be forgotten during World War II: Col. Julian E. Yates, graduate of 1894, who was chief of chaplains of the United States Army from 1929 to 1933. Retired in 1935.

• *We're all so darned fed-up* with soap-box opera radio plugs which capitalize on the "present crisis" to coerce the American public into buying Fudzy Suds and Kixbak cereal that we think there ought to be a law. Beginning December 7, radio advertisers started a campaign to convince us suckers that unless we wash our hose with their creamy lather or shine our car with their greaseless polish, America will never again be a free nation.

Just as great an insult from radio commercials, in our long-suffering opinion, and one that should get a little action from the FCC, are the 30-second plugs which are "sung"' by a model moron to a groggy public. That drink with the "12 full ounces" started it all, and now Beechies and Chiclets and Super Suds are singing their wares over the air in a fashion that's enough to drive a music-loving listener batty or to provide for the unappreciative an idea of what good music can at least fail to be.

• *It was in Dr. Jones' John Milton class* that a student produced a large, 18 by 30 pasteboard drawing with an intricate diagram of the empyrean structure of the universe evolved by Milton in his "Paradise Lost." There were ten or twelve concentric circles which had something to do with designating the planets, earth, hell, and heaven, and which narrowed down to one small circle in the center.

The student proudly rose before the class to explain his brain prodigy. He kept going, pointing to his chart. Finally a wit on the back row couldn't stand it any longer. He jumped to his feet, crooked his right arm behind his back, held his left in front, squinted his eye, and shricked:

"Bull's-eye!"

• *Speaking of radio*, hats are off to Kappa Sig's Don Britt who may soon take a nocturnal job with Raleigh's 50,000 - watt WPTF to inflict his personality on the "Night Owl" program.

College men who aren't yet with the service are being offered exceptional breaks into their chosen fields by Uncle Sam's call for the older men.

• *State College gave away* 59 publications keys the other night to men who have worked during the year on the seven publications issued at the Raleigh school. What Wake Forest ought to think twice about is not the number of keys, but the fact that State College's bursar and treasury paid for the keys, not the publications.

It's only fitting for boys who have given days and nights for two or three years to a student publication without ever getting much but gritty, punishing experience, to receive some tangible recognition. But all the pleasure's killed

See DEACONTOWN, page 19

THE STAFF

Neil Morgan, *editor*

Don Bradsher, *business manager*

Contributing:

Alan Stansbury, *art editor;* Bob Gallimore, *photographer;* Bill Ayers, John D. Davis, Burnette Harvey, Elizabeth Jones, Bill Phillips, and Herbert Thompson.

Business

Paul Bell, *assistant business manager;* Furman Biggs, Lawrence Clark, Horace Miller, and Ned Thomas.

Criticism and contributions should be addressed to The Editor, Box 924.

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MAN OF THE HOUR

THEY were calling on prominent Wake Foresters at a Hotel Carolina banquet in Raleigh during the Statewide Teachers Convention to stand and tell a little about themselves. One man waited his turn and rose slowly, a wry, tired smile on his face.

"Thurman Kitchin. Graduated 1905. Now a college shock absorber."

Everybody laughed. But they knew it was so. Thurman Kitchin, during 12 years as president of Wake Forest College, has brought the college under the wing of every outstanding accrediting agency in the nation.

He took over during the height of the depression, and yet has supervised construction of $500,000 worth of campus buildings—all of which has come from alumni and friends, and to a great extent through his influence.

Student enrollment reached its highest peak under his guiding hand.

But most of all, Thurman Kitchin has kept everybody happy. Podunk Baptists have howled against dancing while students threatened to have dances "or else." Alumni have demanded football teams but forgotten to contribute to their support. The library has wanted books and the music department music—all out of the same allotment. And, because of the calm, persuasive geniality of this distinguished gentleman, everybody's stayed happy.

No wonder after a round dozen years of this, he leans back from his desk and grins:

"I wish somebody would take my job!"

But Wake Forest isn't willing. Tom Bost explained it recently when he wrote:

"Of all the Kitchins, old Man Buck the daddy, Claude the majority leader in Congress, and Will the Governor and once master of the organization which set Simmons down for a term, Thurman Kitchin is the ablest politician. The other Kitchins would buck up and argue the best men in Washington . . . to a standstill, and come off with the eclat of old Joe Cannon; but this Thurman Kitchin doesn't argue. He just sits and listens and keeps everything that he hears."

He first came to Wake Forest as med professor in 1917, along in mighty unstable times for the med school. His first year was "on trial." But he rose quickly to become dean of the medical school, then president of the College.

"Didn't intend to," Kitchin says. "Just sorta like helping a colt over a fence. Before long it gets to jumping higher and higher."

We knew college presidents get into "jams" and we asked Dr. Kitchin what his worst one had been.

"I'll tell you," he started. "It was back about 20 years ago, when my wife and I lived where Coach Phil Utley is now. They were laying a sewer down the street in front of the house, and had cut a ditch all the way down beside the road. It was about 18 feet deep and 20 inches wide.

"One dark night in December the rain was coming down in torrents. But after supper I decided to go get the mail, and, wrapped up in overcoat, hat, and rubbers, I walked out of the front yard and jumped over the ditch—there was a lantern on one side to keep people from falling in.

"There wasn't any mail. On the way back, I was hurrying to get out of my wet clothes, and came to the lantern in front of the house. Nonchalantly I jumped.

"But somebody had shifted the lantern to the other side of the ditch. My feet didn't hit ground, and I felt myself sliding down—far into the ground, my sides rubbing the muddy walls of the sewer ditch.

See KITCHIN, page 18

Sheepskin, Mister?

by **ELIZABETH JONES**

IT may be that the present senior class will receive the last sheepskins to be had here for the duration, and that for the first time in the history of Wake Forest the "sheepskins" which seniors will receive next year may not be real sheepskin at all.

Ever since the College was founded, since the time when diplomas were written entirely in Latin, diplomas given to graduates have been made of genuine sheepskin parchment. Now, because it is secured from England and Australia, it is limited, and the traditional sheepskin may have to be replaced here by another type of parchment.

Sheep grown in Australia furnish the skins which are then shipped to England for treatment. Australian sheep growers have developed a species with very fine wool and very large bodies. This insures fine holes in the skin from the hairs and a large surface of skin from which to cut the documentary sheet.

The skins are treated in England by a process developed through hundreds of years of successful operation. As in ancient methods the skins are fleeced, scraped, polished, treated with lime, stretched and dried. The treatment includes grinding between layers of powdered pumice stone to give a smooth surface which will receive the wording of diplomas.

Some people think that the substitute parchment offers certain advantages over the traditional material. Sheepskin curls up from the corners after a time, and a special kind of ink must be used as ordinary ink fades entirely out in a few years. The new parchment

is slightly less expensive and should be a match for sheepskin in durability.

So there seems to be little doubt that either the true sheepskin or its substitute will last at least as long as the graduate has any use for the diploma. ●

THE LONG PEACE

THE HULKING grey mass of a prison ship gently rocked at anchor on the blacked-out Thames. Her battle-scarred decks reflected only the signal beacon of a British radio ship two miles out, awaiting a Nazi call to steam out for prisoner exchange. In spite of the dreary atmosphere, throbbing expectancy ran through the prison wards in the hold.

Sitting on his hard pallet, a man clothed in tattered rags which had once been a Nazi uniform heard the rush of the incoming tide as sweet music. For on that tide he would pass from bondage to freedom, from his pallet to a clean bed back in his homeland. Visions of his little garden patch—the chubby arms of his little Anna—the swish of his elms in summer by the Ural breezes—all returned in a surge which he had not known since before he'd been bombed half in two.

A useless cripple, yes. But he was going home. His wife's soothing caresses would soon erase the fear and misery of two years of bloodshed. Most of all he wanted peace—a long peace.

Then suddenly there was movement. Was the ship ready to sail toward release for hapless prisoners? It was about time. Then a sentry stepped to the loft. In staid silence the men paused, breathlessly, heard the curt words:

"The Deutschemonger has failed to contact us. We are unable to exchange prisoners."

The feeble moon sank to rest, the first rays of morning streamed through the portholes of the floating prison. But an inert figure lay on a filthy pallet. On his face was the pallor of death. A gold locket chain hung from a clenched-up wrist.

He had wanted to return to his own; but most of all he had wanted peace—a long peace. *In pace requiescat!* ●

Frats . . . Then and Now

It seems that officials stood just as pat against fraternities at Wake Forest as they do now against dancing. They didn't have any use for them, back then.

by **HERBERT THOMPSON**

WITH the long arm of the draft snatching men out of school by the twos and threes weekly, and for other reasons goaded by the national emergeney, membership in eampus fraternities is dwindling lower and lower.

A recent poll of fraternity prospects for next year revealed that Greek letter membership will be decreased by 25 to 40 per cent. Rumors are circulating on the campus that possibly one or two of the fraternities will be dissolved next fall. Such thoughts bring to mind the colorful history of the brotherhoods

and their struggle with faculty and trustees from 1881 to 1922 for establishment on the campus.

It all started back in 1881 when Tom Dixon, renowned author and one time editor of *The Student*, founded Tau Chapter of Kappa Alpha here.

Dixon and a group of students had been holding meetings, and when the faculty learned of the presence of an organization other than the two literary societies on the campus, they clamped down on the group. Dixon then approached President Pritchard about establishing a fraternity here and was told "no."

In his report to the board of trustees in June, 1882, President Pritchard brought to their attention the matter of fraternities and asked them to adopt a resolution forbidding them. Trustees passed this resolution and in aceord with it the faculty required all students registering afterwards to sign a statement promising not to join any secret organization.[1]

The members of the social fraternity signed it, but they did not cease to hold clandestine meetings and to initiate new members into the organization for two years.

In 1884 the faculty made membership in fraternities a bar to admission to the college for the future, and by this action they had no further trouble with fraternities for five or six years, although they lost several able students by it.

The next faculty-student conflict was with a local club — DVL, expanded into Latin, Dum Vivamus, Ludamus, meaning "while we live let us be sports."

This fraternity invited the young women of the town to affiliate, assuring them of having an escort to all of the big social functions of the year, provided they would not date non-members. This "monopoly" on the companionship of the young ladies of town infuriated the literary societies, making the hatred between the two groups wax hotter. When members of DVL were approached for having a fraternity, they vowed that "it is not a society, but a social club."

The presence of DVL encouraged organization of

[1] Facts by courtesy Dr. G. W. Paschal.

See FRATS, page 17

Campus Frat Members

	Last Fall	Dropped Out	Next Year
Pi Kappa Alpha	43	2	25
Kappa Sigma	42	5	27
Sigma Phi Epsilon	38	4	29
Kappa Alpha	36	6	34
Lambda Chi Alpha	32	3	24
Delta Sigma Phi	32	3	19
Sigma Pi	22	10	12
Gamma Eta Gamma	19	2	9

1944 **Old Gold and Black** 1944

Official Organ of Campus Radicals

Vol. XXVIII | Wake Forest, N. C., April 19, 1944 | Number 21

$2.83 GIVEN TOWARD DEFENSE BOND

Student officials announced proudly this week that the time for purchase of the $1,000 student defense bond, begun late in 1941, is being rapidly neared.

A total of $2.83 was added to the drive this week, making a grand total over the three-year period of $697.58 collected from the student body.

The week's contribution came from a group of 78 subscribers. Largest contribution was from the newly-formed Broadway Club, which gave fourteen cents.

College officials expressed elation over these recent additions, and emphatically re-asserted themselves in the belief that the goal will be reached.

"We all said at the beginning," one official remarked, "that when Wake Forest boys set themselves to a task, success is guaranteed. This is becoming more and more evident every year."

Prominent campus leaders went to college files and secured facts on the early history of the defense bond drive, now enshrouded in glamour.

According to college history, Dean Bryan said at a convocation two weeks after the drive was begun in December, 1941, that he was certain Wake Forest was among the first schools in the country to buy a defense bond.

A boxing match held in March, 1942, in behalf of the campaign, is believed to have resulted in severe injuries for at least several martyrs of the bond drive.

College publications over the three-year period are filled with defense bond propaganda, and with editorials hailing the purchase of the bond as one of the most efficient gestures ever made by the student body.

Officials in charge of the bond drive are now not quite clear as to the original purpose of the bond drive. It is stated that proceeds of the bond will be devoted to building a dance hall just off the campus.

Noted Editor Returns Here

William T. Ayers Is Finals Speaker

Thomas W. (Bill) Ayers, noted editor and refugee, will return to the Wake Forest campus in June to speak at the formal graduation exercises of the class of 1955—which has been labeled one of the most promising of the College's speed-up classes.

Ayers, who after his graduation here in 1942 as editor of this paper became editor of the *Hang Chow Mein*, radical journal of the Free Chinese in Hangchow, China, was forced to flee from the city when two Japanese planes were rumored to be near.

He tells the thrilling story of his hair-breadth escape through Japanese customs officials by way of an international train.

"The Japanese narrowly escaped learning my real identity," Ayers told a breathless reporter as he set foot on American territory in San Francisco last week. "I have no doubt but what if they had known who I was, they would have killed me."

Although forced to flee from his native land, Ayers is confident of eventual Chinese victory over the 'invading hordes,' as he ingenuously termed the Nipponese forces.

Ayers declared that he had learned from authoritative sources that a vast reserve of manpower is still being held in China.

Ayers expressed the opinion that bombs falling from enemy planes may have caused some damage in China, but said that the fortitude of the people is so great as to restore "almost momentarily" any possible damage.

Work Goes On With Chapel

Seven more bricks were added this week to the Wake Forest Chapel, as college authorities released a statement that "progress is being made as speedily as can be expected."

They indicated that government priorities, which ration bricks and cement to the College, have slowed construction to a certain extent.

Contributions are pouring into College coffers for the building at the rate of over 75 cents every week. At this rate, members of the math department estimated, construction will be financed by sometime in 4000.

Ayers will come here from Toccoa, Ga., gigantic industrial center which is today the focal point for the nation's wartime production. When questioned as to his part in bringing Toccoa to its prominent position as a reporter on the *Toccoa Tattler*, Ayers blushed and remarked:

"Oh, gee, fellows. I ain't done nuthin'."

1944

THE STUDENT presents herewith, all in fun and with the best intentions, a would-be satire on the state of affairs in the year of our Lord 1944, granted the war, the college's speed-up program, and "The Old Gold and Black" (God forbid!) continue with the general trends that are indicated now. This is our profound vision into the future, our forecast of "The Old Gold and Black" of April 12, 1944.

Want Dances

The administration of the college frowned this week upon the circulation of a student petition, backed by optimistic campus reformers and requesting the North Carolina Baptist Convention to allow dancing on the campus.

They intimated that such moves had been attempted in the past, and had thus far met with little success.

"We must wait," they declared. "Time will bring the Baptists around. You can't move a man before he's ready."

Students generally admitted that they didn't particularly care about holding dances on the campus.

"It's just the principle of the thing," they declared.

Howler

Howler staff members, who have been working behind locked doors during the past two years and one month, announced this week that the 1942 *Howler* is expected to be off the presses late next year.

Editor Royal Jennings, III, declared that striking modern innovations and an up-to-the-minute format will result from the years of labor which have been put into the job.

One *Howler* staff member is resting comfortably in the infirmary with a broken fist and gashes about the eye. According to mumblings recorded by Miss Eva Vause, he states that a student walked up to him and said:

"When's the *Howler* coming out?"

Pan Hellenic Council officials, Dean Daniel B. Bryan, student council officials, and the student body president have flatly denied rumors which have leaked out from almost-unimpeachable sources that T. Dorsey has been signed for the Spwing Fwolics.

"There is absolutely no truth in this rumor," all declared.

It was emphatically stated that a nickelodeon will furnish music for the dance.

Drama Club

Precedent was smashed on the campus this week when a drama club was formed.

Believed to be one of the few, if not the only, drama clubs at Wake Forest during the century, the club outlined its original aims as "modest."

"Our club is for the purpose of training the members," a spokesman, "We will stick to the classics, and will not make any public appearance before our members are ready."

T. Dorsey Has Signed To Play for Dances

The OLD GOLD AND BLACK has learned on trustworthy authority that Tommy Dorsey has been signed to play for the Spwing Fwolics in the campus gymnasium May 15.

Although current rumor has it that the dance will be strictly by the music of nickelodeon, this almost-unimpeachable source was confident that Dorsey is under contract to appear here.

Several campus officials immediately lauded T. Dorsey and his new style—"Airy Rhythm." It is noted that all but four of Dorsey's band members have been lost to the draft.

Pan-Hellenic Council officials, when no attempt was made to locate them, had no statement to make.

Old Gold and Black

April 12, 1944

NATHAN XANTHOS, SR., EDITOR
NATHAN XANTHOS, II, BUSINESS MANAGER

Published as often as time can be secured during the strenuous speed-up program at Wake Forest College, Baptist school for draft ineligibles. "Midway between Bragg and Butner!"

THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK is a member of the Association of Shrdlu Etaoin, Straightshooters, Junior G-Men, Ku Klux Klan, and the *Police Gazette*.

UNCLE SAM PASSPORT

We have uncovered a vicious circle.

Graft is rampant on our campus.

Unheard-of rings of underworld activity are boiling.

All center around the Uncle Sam Passport.

Now this is the way this grievous evil operates: long ago the valiant forefathers of THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK went before a postal board of authorities and outlined plans for the distribution of their pioneering publication.

"We intend to produce thousands of copies of the first edition of our newspaper each week," our great predecessors announced. "And our time is valuable. We are unable to carry our newspaper around privately and present one to each individual on the campus. We have attempted to devise some more speedy means of circulating our massive menace.

"And, Uncle Sam"—our forefathers declared—"we have come to you. We consider your little postoffice an ideal medium for the distribution of our great newspaper."

So, though the uncanny ingenuity of these great men who proceeded to go into a huddle, a postal contract (commonly known as "registered at the Wake Forest postoffice") was devised, and Uncle Sam was bound by contract to distribute this newspaper through its windows weekly, upon the payment of a small fee.

For years, the contract was thought to be valid.

For years, un-critical observers presumed the operations of the two parties to be functioning smoothly.

But today, this newspaper has discovered a leak in the dyke.

All is not so glossy as was thought.

There is trouble underfoot.

Radical reforms are necessary.

All because of the Uncle Sam passport.

This is it: it has been learned that, in violation of the terms of the contract, the postoffices has been allowing readers—carried away by the brilliance of the publication and by their overpowering desire for extra copies of the dearly-beloved journal, to secure *more than one copy* of THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK. In fact, it has been ascertained that one reader who wanted to send to his girls an extra copy of one issue carrying his picture, returned to the window of the postoffice 87 times, each time securing a newspaper.

This must stop.

We appeal to college authorities and to the innate honesty of the student body to put an end to this racket.

We demand a faculty investigation into the UNCLE SAM PASSPORT!

DON'T SHOVE, BOYS

Can't Wake Forest boys get used to co-eds?

The influx of co-eds on our campus during the past four years has come as a sudden shock to our masculine student body. Only time can heal the wounds.

But during this short period of acclimation, cannot we boys show the girls a little friendliness and hospitality? Cannot we treat them as human beings?

Come on, boys. Let's act more friendly toward the women. Let's don't shun them. Let's go, fellows! Mix it up!

CLASS OF '53

An artist's conception of the class of 1953 as it will appear in the year 2000. This class will graduate sometime next month as one of the units in the college acceleration program. The class is notable in that all but one of its male members have joined the armed forces and are not expected to return to school.

leter to the editor

dear m.r eidtor:

my mama dun told me sonn, u must never say a lie, yu must tell the truth/

so m.r editr, i will not telled a untruth. ur paper iss not wurth a darn. why do u not use more murder stories and luv cereals is more than I kin c. ur paper kneads funnys and jokes.

ur paper kneads sex. if u knead a luv editor for ur sex kolum, I might be availabul for a price.

luv,

POP ZAKIM ('57).

OUT OF STEP WITH WAKE FOREST

By BOB BALL O'FYRE

No smooth machinists are the members of The Fireside Sunday School Class, it was made plain this week. Passed up, they did, a perfect political coup.

Story: Law instructor John Tate called meeting to order sharply at 9:45 a.m. Sunday last. Scheduled were elections. In class are prominent candidates for bigtime spring offices. No machine was organized, however. Chance for promotion of campus figures was passed.

Our decision: Fireside Sunday School Class are smalltime politicians.

Early advance on presidential campaign: campaign for father of country is to match Rollicking Doug MacArthur, veteran of the two-year Australian campaign, against silver-haired, stooped FDR, almost recovered from nervous breakdown and seeking fourth term.

Our inside sources of information assure us that the race will be a close one.

Both prospective candidates soberly announce that in this hour of strife, all political maneuvers should be abandoned. Ready to abandon is either, but not until after the other.

Out of Step refuses to take sides in campaign.

Wouldn't ol Rollickin' Mac make a good president?

Just released from public relations censoring board of Wake Forest College: seven classes have graduated during past three years. Next to graduate will be class of '49, and, according to dispatch from the pub bureau, ceremonies will be held for them sometime next Wednesday morning.

Special request of the registrar's office, Grady S. Patterson head: records for members of class of '51, which entered some six or eight weeks ago, have been misplaced. If the class has not already graduated, we would appreciate its calling by the office.

College officials have turned over to the math department technical problems arising from the speed-up program. Estimates on the number of classes to graduate within the next ten years have thus far been withheld.

Deacon—Sports

Sports Flashes

SARASOTA, FLA. — The twelve-man Boston Red Sox disembarked from their submarine U-74 today on the first lap of their home journey. With spring practice completed, the Red Sox are about to begin to comply with FDR's request to keep "baseball as usual."

Lefty Grove told a reporter today that after this season he will definitely give up baseball. Forty-year-old Lefty, who last season took his 360th mound victory, says he's had enough.

AN ARMY BASE SOMEWHERE IN THE PHILIPPINES: Coach Wallace Wade of the Duke Blue Devils commented today by wireless telegraph to officials at the Durham school that prospects for next fall's football team are "fair."

Wade also wired the just-compiled salary card for players to the home office and sent with it a friendly message to all his players—in various branches of the Service—"hope that's enough to buy your likker until you get back to Durham."

"I believe we've got a good ball club," he tapped out. "If we could all get together sometime I'd know more about it."

NEW YORK CITY: The New York Giants, already home from spring training, offered today to trade Mel Ott, three outfielders, two pitchers, and $200,000 to the Yankees for two re-grooved tires and a rubber comb.

NEW YORK CITY: Carl Hubbell, says Bill Terry, will never pitch again. Flash: Carl Hubbell hurls one-hitter in opening game of season.

ALSO NEW YORK CITY: New York Boxing Commission today ruled that Joe Louis cannot box for the Army. Mike Jacobs sues Secretary Knox for six million dollars. He claims as his and Louis's the proceeds from the champion's 107th title defense, which went to build three destroyers and five cruisers.

MID-SEASON FLASH: Yankees clinch pennant after forty games. Final flash: Dodgers concede World Series to Yankees after Brooklyn Bums lose first game 145 to 7, second by 119 to 3.

The St. John's Reporter tells the sad story about the kid who shot both his parents so that he could go to the orphans' picnic!

—*Akron Buchtelite.*

FLASH!

FLASH: Four students collapsed and are now being tended by Miss Eva Vause after returning to the campus and discovering that there was no spring vacation.

FLASH: United Rubber gained three points today.

FLASH: Roosevelt, Churchill, and Chiang Kai Shek hold history-making conference in U-13 somewhere underneath Neuse River bridge.

FLASH: Japan has collapsed economically, politically, socially, and morally. American forces were driven back in three sectors today.

FLASH: Uncle Sam calls for registration of all men between the ages of 5 and 9.

FLASH: Churchill and Roosevelt hold history-making conference in crevice of Grand Canyon.

FLASH: After blowing up four munitions factories and burning eight airplane factories, Japanese patriot is suspected of sabotage.

FLASH: Eight women collapsed today as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt concluded a lecture on "Disease Among Our Soldiers."

FLASH: Search for students who know words to "Star Spangled Banner" concluded on Wake Forest campus after nine weeks and three students are found, all convicted of being aliens and shipped.

FLASH: Administration delves into hoarded supply of electric light bulbs as 14 students go blind reading in library.

FLASH: Eight high-ranking military officials declared today that they had no idea Pearl Harbor was vulnerable.

FLASH: Alumni return to campus to find that Homecoming Week-end has been accelerated back 17 weeks.

FLASH: Dean states that perhaps acceleration has been too successful, as classes of '47, '48, and '51 have been graduated. Someone is sent to the files to look up '49 and '50.

FLASH: Churchill and Roosevelt hold secret meet in lobby of Grand Central Station and decide that there always be an England.

Peahead Says

Coach Peahead Walker called his 1944 football squad out for spring practice this week, put them through a light scrimmage and made this remark for the press:

"Well, I reckon we'll have a little tough sledding this year. Lost a lot of good men to the army. Game may be slowed up a mite. But our seven men are as good as any other seven men in the state. I'll tell you that."

It has been rumored that three more undraftable males are expected to enter Wake Forest sometime during the summer.

"In that case," the athletic official remarked, "our chances of winning our game next fall will be considerably heightened."

It was disclosed that a game with Youngsville High School has been scheduled for the fall.

If exercise will eliminate fat, how in the world does a woman get a double chin? —*Widow.*

Prof.: I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice from the rear: Why don't you go home and sleep it off, old man? —*Green Gander.*

He: Did you make these biscuits with your own little hands?

She: Yes. Why?

He: I just wondered who in hell lifted them off the stove for you. —*Medley.*

"Dad, give me a dime."

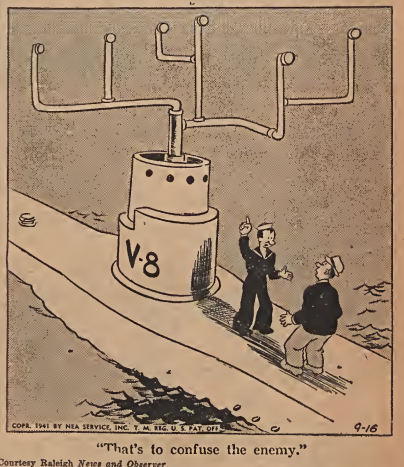
"Not today, sonny, not today."

"Dad, if you'll give me a dime, I'll tell you what the ice man said to mamma this morning."

"Here son, quick; what did he say?"

"He said, 'Lady, how much ice do you want this morning'?"

—*Watauga.*



"That's to confuse the enemy."

Courtesy Raleigh *News and Observer*

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Dean Daniel Bunyan Bryan, extreme left, is shown with other members of the faculty tilling the college victory garden. Doing "their own little bit" for defense, faculty members have taken to the fields. The children are the progenies of Professor and Mrs. Charles Seibert, and Dr. and Mrs. Carlton P. West. A government spokesman was highly appreciative of the "fine Wake Forest victory gardens."

Wins Award

The managing Baord of THE OLD GOLD NAD BBLACK takes pleassure in announcing that the newesspaper has received the 1-A Rating for typographical excellence has received the 1-A Rating for typographical excellence from the Ammmerican Association of College Dailyys.

This is teh thrid succcsessive yaer that top honours in the contesste which is held often theere for THE OLD OOULD AND BBLAACK hass recievd %8xthe old gooul (xxy$‡"*! ½½!;.,‡††/⅜*!!!

Rowdy Refugees

The Chinese Club, now numbering some 60 refugees, has announced plans for a gala chopstick gathering early in June to honor Thomas W. (Bill) Ayers who is returning to the campus to make a finals address. The party will be held at Dixie Inn in Raleigh.

FLASH!!

It has been announced that the Japs have taken Castoria. The U. S. admits this, but doubts their ability to hold it. The latest bulletins state that the strain on the Japs' rear is tremendous, and that they are evacuating all over the lines.

The Japanese were trying to suppress the reports, but it slipped out and the U. S. got wind of it. The Japs now realize the value of a scrap of paper. The U. S. reports that the whole of the enemy will soon be wiped out.

One of the freshmen was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R.O.T.C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.

"Say, Buddy," said the captain with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeh," said the rookie, looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me."

—Penn State Frosh.

The eccentric personage seen occasionally strolling about the campus has been rumored to be Bedford Black, United States Army buck private retired on pension. Rumor also has it that Black, who was once a student here, was active in fraternity life, then an important element in college activities. There has been little activity for Black since fraternities died out on the campus some years ago.

Photographer: Watch and see the dickey bird.

Little Child: Just pay attention to your exposure so that you don't ruin the plate. *—Caveman.*

"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him. "Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I thought you said slaughtered."

She was peeved and called him "Mr."
Not because he went and kr.,
But because just before,
As she opened the door,
This same Mr. Kr. Sr.

The height of bad luck—seasickness and lockjaw.

Harvard Man: Who knocked on my door just now?

Janitor: It was me.

Harvard Man to second H.M.: What is he trying to say?—*Voodoo.*

Women are a funny race,
They curl their hair and paint their face.
They change their styles so often that
Last year's hat is *not a hat.*
They sleep all A.M., dance all P.M.
Go to games but never see 'em.
They spend the stuff so *very* well,
The bills mount up—but what the hell.
Yet man is too a funny race
He pays for all this goddam waste.
—Exchange.

A drunk boarded one of those two-story buses they have in New York; it was crowded, but he finally found a seat by the driver.

He talked and talked, and finally the driver tactfully suggested that he go on the top deck and enjoy the fresh air and wonderful view.

The drunk amiably clambered through the crowd and disappeared upstairs. But in a few minutes he was back.

"What's the matter? Didn't you like the fresh air, or the view?" asked the driver resignedly.

"Yep, nice view, nice air," answered the drunk. "But, 'taint safe—no driver!"

—Green Gander.

Chaplain: My man, I will allow you five minutes of grace before the electrocution.

Condemned Man: Fine, bring her in. *—Wataugan.*

"Are you the girl who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.

"Yes, sir," replied the waitress politely.

"Well I'll be damned." he remarked, "you don't look a day older." *—Showme.*

A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Napoleon.

"But who told you that you were Napoleon?" inquired the attendant.

"God did," replied the inmate.

"I did not!" came a voice from the next bunk.

Oscar came to the city and got a job as janitor in a girl's boarding school and was entrusted with a pass key to every room in the building.

The following week the Dean ran across him and asked, "Why didn't you come around Friday for your pay, Oscar?"

"Vot? Do I get wages, too?"

—Golden Quill.

Co-ed skirts seem to be growing shorter and shorter.

And the need for imagination is declining just as rapidly.

—Scripts 'n' Pranks.

Visitor at Asylum: Do you have to keep the women patients separate from the men?

Attendant: Sure. The people here ain't that crazy.

—Duke 'n' Duchess.

DOCTORS!

NEWLY-ENLARGED VAULT

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Phi Bete Recipe

by **BILL PHILLIPS**

So you want to be a Phi Beta Kappa!

Then you'd better be from a small town. Thirteen out of fifteen of our honor men here at Wake Forest this year come from small towns.

Step two. Do some kind of work to help pay for your education. Thirteen out of fifteen Phi Beta Kappas have jobs in dining halls, do office work, or, are departmental assistants. One spends his week-ends serving as pastor of two nearby churches. The consensus among the scholars who work is that doing such tasks gives them more incentive to study.

The question of joining a fraternity is purely up to you. Five out of fifteen are fraternity men, about the same ratio as exists among the entire student body. The fraternity group says that fraternity activities in no way interfere with their studies, that a man can do all the studying he wants to if he makes up his mind to get down to work.

The non-fraternity group, although they are not as well qualified to speak on the matter of fraternity activity-interference, also thinks that determination is the only thing needed.

You should certainly participate in some of the extra-curricular activities. All the Phi Betes have taken part in religious work, publication work, intramural athletics, student clubs, or forensic activities. Many of them stressed the value of a well-rounded college life, a time for work and a time for play.

You needn't follow in your father's footsteps. The majority of the Phi Betas have chosen different professions from those of their fathers. You needn't be a city slicker. A good many of the scholars were born and raised on farms.

Conversational ability seems to be an essential part of the typical Phi Beta Kappa's makeup. All those to whom we talked displayed an unusual ability to express themselves and to hold one's attention.

The choice of occupation seems to have nothing to do with ability to make Phi Beta Kappa. There are five studying for the ministry, two for medicine, one for journalism, one for chemistry, and five for teaching.

What kind of grades do you have to make? Considerably better than a B average is necessary to be considered for Phi Beta Kappa honors. And the scholars say that it is best to get a good start in the freshman and sophomore years toward that B plus average.

All this leads to that end of all ends, studying.

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How much should you study? How should you go about it?

Only a few Phi Beta Kappas have a specific amount of time during which they study each day. Some of them admitted that they study spasmodically. Some said that they do their work as it comes along stressing the importance of keeping up with assignments as they are given.

All of them agreed that no matter how much time is spent in study, a thorough review before a quiz is necessary. Furthermore, they were practically unanimous in advising the taking of full, complete notes. Many of them refer very little to the textbook before a quiz but rely on a complete review of their notes.

Well, gentlemen, here are the simple instructions. Simple, isn't it?

JOHNNY

Continued from page 5

threw the door open, walked down the hall and out into the misty night.

The campus was dark, because the college was saving power. The light from the 500-watt reflector 'way up over the fountain on the other side of the administration building cast a little gleam on the sides of the towers and the third floors, and Johnny paced slowly toward the light with his hands in his pockets, his collar drawn tightly about his neck.

Maybe last night had been just another good example of what he meant, when he and Tillie had danced out onto the veranda over at the frat house and watched the bunch inside and acted like two old Voltaires looking down on people, moved by strings, acting out the little story of their lives on a tiny stage that could be shifted at a moment's notice.

But maybe, too, what Tillie had told him had been so. He believed it. Soft, graceful Tillie had turned toward him and her blue eyes had reflected the bright lights of a dozen different lamps inside.

"That in there," she had said, "is the world. But there will always be people—too—who think, and men who show others not just what to think and do, but who take the shell off people's own personalities and show them what they really are."

Johnny believed he loved Tillie—not just because she was like him and had found out about the world too, but because she helped him to figure out some of the things about people that he couldn't understand.

For instance, he couldn't comprehend Edna Earle. He and Tillie had walked back in after a while and eased into a little huddle with two or three of the girls that had in six months become traditions at the Lambda house. Johnny knew them well—he had taken some of the same set to dances and ball games and tried to be agreeable.

He had wondered why they had never talked about

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anything but the latest novelty number with the dizziest swing band, the newest and most "simply thrilling" of the "intricate" card games which involved matching club on club and heart on heart, or the latest escapade of a border friend of Edna's to whom Edna would feint only the merest nod in public, but would worship privately for her brazenness.

Johnny had always wondered when he would get to know the read Edna, and had hung around trying to find out.

But it took Tillie to show him finally that he knew all of Edna that there would ever be to know—Edna, and millions more just like her. Millions who dab on the paint and the powder and train their eyebrows to lift just enough at the socially correct moment and manage always to keep a cigarette in their mouths when one good, long inhaling would double them up.

Now Johnny looked at Edna and saw in her and the rest of her glittering chorines the same thing that he had learned to despise in Oscar. Johnny looked at the paradox of life, the ficklencss and restless wanderings of so much of youth, and held on a little harder to Tillie's hand.

Johnny looked at Edna as she would be in twenty years, smile cracked, muscles sagged by the birth of children condemned, like her, at the start by a luxurious, skin-deep environment. Johnny saw her husband—an Oscar—slump in from the office and pick up the evening paper, slip into soft slippers and turn the radio up in an effort to forget that undeveloped yearning for something more than the mere surface of life—something a bit deeper than the alarm clock—bacon and eggs—city bus—nine o'clock office—one o'clock lunch—seven o'clock dinner—nine o'clock show—and midnight bedroom.

All this Johnny saw in the people who strain for that near at hand because it is beyond their comprehension to see that which is out of sight—that which only is worth the seeking.

All of a sudden Johnny had felt sorry for this uncomprehending bustle and had led Tillie away into the dark. And they had walked, hand in hand, up to the fountain underneath this long, big light which now was about to be rivalled by the dawn—moseying in and out among the stars.

Now he was alone. True, he had felt sorry for everybody who was unable to see in life the supreme challenge and the quest of continual seeking after something which is lasting and satisfying.

But tomorrow these same little people would win an election. They couldn't be fought by numbers. There were too many of them.

Damn these egg-shell aristocrats, Johnny winced. And to hell with these poor fools that can't see what life is all about.

He leaned over the fountain, took a long drink of cool water, and went back to his typewriter. ●

FRATS

Continued from page 10

other groups, and a faculty probe into the matter in May, 1903, revealed that there were three groups here. The two additional brotherhoods were ASP and Delta Sigma. The faculty voted that no member of any of these groups be allowed to return to college until he signed a contract to sever all relations with

his group and not to connect himself with such organizations in the future.

Members willingly signed the contracts, but before the end of the next year, fraternities were causing more trouble than ever.

Thus it went until 1922. With the exception of a three-year lapse during the World War, the faculty

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was constantly suppressing the fraternities, only to have them intermittently bob up, stronger than ever.

Soon after the war definite propaganda was begun both at Wake Forest and in the state, by minority groups in each instance, for the legalization of fraternities in the college. They had less opposition now that the societies were being flooded by the constantly increasing number of students.

In view of the disturbed condition of the Societies and the dissatisfaction with them, the faculty on February 27, 1922, voted to make membership in them optional. At their next meeting, in May, 1922, the Trustees voted to legalize fraternities at the college. The next catalogue, 1922-23, had a heading, "Fraternities."

Fraternities sprang up around the campus, and went at it in a big way, now that they were "legalized." The 1923 *Howler* contained a fraternity section, picturing five fraternities and a Pan-Hellenic Council.

Established that year were Kappa Alpha with 16 members and Dr. H. M. Poteat and Dr. R. B. White as faculty advisers; Kappa Psi with 17 members and President Pritchard as faculty adviser; Alpha Phi Omega with 11 members; DVL with 10 members (Coach Murray Greason, then a student here, was a member this year): Phi Kappa Beta with 12 members and Dr. N. Y. Gulley as faculty adviser. Dr. C. C. Pearson was faculty adviser to the Pan-Hellenic Council.

Two of this group, Kappa Alpha and Alpha Phi Omega, are in existence now. The latter became Pi Kappa Alpha in 1939. The next year, 1924, saw the appearance of Chi Tau, which became Sigma Phi Epsilon in 1940. In 1925, three present fraternities were established: Pi Gamma Sigma, becoming Kappa Sigma in 1938; Alpha Pi Delta, becoming Delta Sigma Phi in 1939; and Theta Kappa Nu, which became Lamda Chi Alpha in 1940. In 1928, two more of the present group of fraternities were established, completing the list. They were Delta Sigma Chi, becoming Sigma Pi in 1939, and Gamma Eta Gamma, which had as faculty adviser, Dr. N. Y. Gulley.

Fraternities began under adverse conditions and have had to struggle against rising difficulties year after year, but next year may bring the greatest obstacle in their colorful history—a dearth of members. Their past has been picturesque — their future?

TRADITION

Continued from page 4

Six weeks was time enough for everybody to decide that the innovation was an immense success.

Government officials, when Wake Forest authorities told them about Miss Lanier, were tickled pink and said that if there were any more like her, to bring them on. Women are needed in defense teaching, they said.

Wake Foresters from the beginning liked the idea of education at the hands of a blue-eyed blonde! And just to clinch things, it seemed—students utterly detested being laughed at by a girl when they didn't know their lessons. There's mighty little lack of preparedness in defense as it's being taught at Wake Forest now.

KITCHIN

Continued from page 8

"The next thing I remembered was a splash, and my feet eased to the bottom of the ditch, mired in mud and water above my knees, the ground twelve feet above me.

"I caught my breath, then started yelling. But I was too far down. Nobody could hear me. There wasn't any way of getting out. So I splashed up the ditch the whole length of the street, hoping there would be an opening to the top somewhere. There wasn't.

"And the rain poured down the sides of the ditch on top of my head.

"After about fifteen minutes, I found an eight-foot board, propped it up against the side of the ditch, slid to the top of it, and threw myself over the top.

"The hardest thing was convincing Mrs. Kitchin that I was her husband," he smiled.

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NO, SMEDLEY DIDN'T get to be an Admiral, but he won a grin of approval from the Captain by switching to this mildest, mellow blend of finest burleys. Try a tin!

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DEACONTOWN

Continued from page 7

if those same slaves have to buy themselves the present.

• *Wake Forester's persistently* progressing college band has as much tradition as anything else to its credit. Nevill Isbell, now chemical warfare captain in the army air corps, shepherded the group for many years before and during hard depression years. His two most amusing band stories are placed in the late twenties:

• *In 1929 a small, rattly A-model truck* was hired to carry band and instruments to a concert in the Meredith auditorium just before Christmas. Everything went smoothly, the usual enthusiastic and adoring attention was given, and the group started slowly back toward Wake Forest, instruments atop the truck.

But as the A-model began the ascent to the top of the curving overhead railroad bridge just this side of Millbrook, the rear axle of the truck fell in two, threw the truck through the railing and against the enbankment. Nobody was hurt. But the bass horn had its mouth thrown down over the top of a telephone pole, trombones were flattened on the pavement, and the drum was rammed all the way through by a post, torn into shreds. Band members spent longer gathering the wrecks of their instruments than it took for the wrecker to arrive.

Then there is the story of the drummer boy who in a 1930 concert in the local Baptist church before a packed house waxed so enthusiastic that a heavy drumstick flew out of his hands and sped through the air to smash the glasses of an elderly woman in the audience. She wiped her eyes, picked up the stick, it was passed from row to row back up to the stage, and drum beats continued as usual.

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• *Depend on Dr. Binkley* to provide his share of those "how else could it be said" expressions. His latest:

"A man is limited by his own bucket as to how much water he will hold."

• *Dr. John R. Sampey*, brilliant old potentate of the Baptists who in our opinion, has rather definitely seen his day, turned into a warhorse in a frantic little talk he made on this campus recently. He seems to have begun thinking that this is not only another war to save democracy, but a religious war—and, he believes, Hitler and Hirohito can do more to banish Christianity from the earth than could the ravishing hordes of barbarics in the Middle Ages.

Last summer he sanely predicted preparedness for a war which he saw before the rest of us—we agreed then, but we still sleep better if we call this a war of the nation and government, not a war for the church.

• *Kermit Snead and Bernice Bass* took the John Milton class right out of the hands of Teacher H. B. Jones after the professor mentioned a Bible passage found in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Dr. Jones thought maybe the verse was from Isaiah, but didn't take time to worry about it.

Ministerial student Bass popped up on the front row with the frank opinion that it might be found in Ezekiel. But on the back row, Snead rose in violent opposition and said he knew the quote was from Revelation. Argument raced back and forth between the two.

Jones leaned back and smiled, and some minutes later class was resumed.

• *Prof. Charles Seibert*, who probably knows his subject as well as any other teacher at Wake Forest, was ad libbing with his class about the peculiarities of the Freneh people. He reminiseed — thinking about his years in Franee.

"The French drink wine just like we do water," he blushed. "It was awfully hard for me to get used to!" The class roared. But that wasn't all. He continued, still innocently, but somewhat involved:

"Nobody but American students ever seemed to be drunk."

One freshman, breaking into the spirit of Seibert's class, rose to a question and asked the professor if he had ever been tight.

Seibert hesitated momentarily.

"Not that I remember," he concluded.

• *Julius C. Smith, Greensboro attorney* and alumnus of 1911, made a commeneement oration here that year which bears striking similarities to Winston Churchill's address before Congress Deeember 26. His oration concluded:

"England and the United Sates combined can force peace on the rest of the world at onee with the naval power they now possess. . . ."

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The STUDENT

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

Story on page 11

May 1942

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're flying Uncle Sam's bombers across the ocean

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice . . . you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain *(nearest camera)*, a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

There's LESS NICOTINE in the smoke

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), *(second from left, above)* says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

The STUDENT
For Wake Forest Men

Vol. LVIII MAY 1942 No. 6

COLUMN after column in the campus newspaper this year has been devoted to support or condemnation of the political system at Wake Forest.

Every student—whether at the supper table, under the shower, or at a bedtime bull session—has expressed his views on Wake Forest politics.

Many would reform some phase of the system here. Others would scrap the entire political set-up. Some are content to let it remain as it is.

Politics here, as everywhere else, is a process of mutual throat-cutting. That is human nature, and there is little use in attempting to reform an inborn system.

The primary importance of college politics lies not in its physical make-up or the men elected, but the training which men receive in their contacts with their fellows. Politics at Wake Forest should be a means, not an end.

Student participation in campus politics—cutthroat or otherwise—embodies one of the most concrete examples of what college is for.

College is like the miniature model of an inventor's dream—a small-scale test of a mammoth machine. No capitalist invests millions in a factory before industrialists have studied the defects of their idea, improved it, and proven its worth—all through use of a small-scale model.

Each college graduate likewise has the privilege of launching his life career with the experience of a miniature, college-career behind him to bolster him and provide him with capacities to meet parallel problems in manhood.

In college a man is at the molding stage. In the keen scrutiny of himself and his fellows in the seeking of campus prestige and participation in campus politics—he is provided an incomparable opportunity to discover his own shortcomings and his own abilities. If he is a man, he seeks aid in overcoming his defects and stabilizing his abilities.

That is what college is for. College is a four-year testing-ground of each man's character and personality.

Contacts and friendships and working congenialities form the bulk of college life. In them all is this superb opportunity for men to discover themselves and to analyze each other's thoughts and actions.

The fundamental importance of college life here is bound up in the share of citizenship which each man holds in Wake Forest. It is his privilege to exercise his rights as a citizen—and it is his duty to himself to do so.

College is a success for the man who in his four years discovers what he himself is like and undertakes to make himself more nearly what he would choose to be. For all others college is a failure. ●

Fight Against Odds

Bedford Black was the center of one of the college's most uncomfortable situations. His return to campus prestige is a real story of courage.

(Ed's Note: When Bedford Worth Black interrupted an hysterical five-year career at Wake Forest last month to become a private at the Army Air Corps Technical School, Sheppard Field, Texas, boys who hated him and boys who held him as a close friend all paused to comment that one of the most striking figures ever to attend Wake Forest was writing finis to at least one phase of his college career.

But only three students remain here who were at Wake Forest when Black, fresh from a similarly-striking high school career at Kannapolis, entered school. And only three men remain who witnessed the most violent demonstration of collegiate spirit in recent years. Around Freshman Black seethed a whirlpool of indignation, temper, and silent admiration. It is interesting to see another exemplification of Wake Forest spirit in this unusual collegiate epic. For through his own persistence, this most-hated and most-abused Wake Forest freshman rose to become an acknowledged big man of the campus.

As Black prepared to leave Wake Forest, we asked him to write the story of his freshman year. It can be told now only because the first chapter of Black's Wake Forest career has ended, and because in it is shown the unique ability of Wake Forest to forgive, forget, and—regardless of whether a man made a mistake or not—recognize him when he proves himself a man.)

FROM the time I entered Wake Forest in September, 1937, until January the next year, I was an average freshman—starting off with fifty dollars in my pocket and a debating scholarship in my hand. Early in January, with no money left, and unable to make enough to keep me in school, I was ready to give up and go home—when the boy who scrubbed the floor at the boarding house hurt his back, and I was given the job. He never got it back.

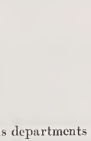
But my diary from the late part of January until June reveals a hectic sort of existence which I could never wish off on any man.

It began when a student offered me a copy of an examination for five dollars. I told him I could not pay that much for anything. He finally offered me a copy for twenty-five cents, and it was then that I told him I would not look at the examination if it were given me.

I had understood that this was against Wake Forest traditions and student honor. So the next day I talked to a member of the student council, who asked me to find out all I could about the exam-ring.

I did. I found that examinations in five subjects were available, and that if plans succeeded, a history exam would be on sale the next day. The men that I thought guilty were not the dozens who purchased the exams, but the assistants in the various departments who were the leaks.

When I returned to the student council with this information, the boys began to wake up; and when I produced an exam that was to be given five days hence they sprang into action.



To make that story short, over 70 students—politicians, big office holders, and yes—even ministerial students, were involved.

The student council met every night for nearly three weeks trying to clear up the situation.

But I was never suspected of having had a share in the exposé until I went before my fraternity meeting one night and said that I had turned in two of my brothers whom I had seen cheating.

Perhaps I didn't realize what I had done. Perhaps I hadn't weighed the matter when I did that. But to this day I don't regret it.

It was then that hell broke loose.

The entire chapter turned pale as I told them that I wanted them to know what I had done and how I felt about the honor system.

One man rose to defend me and said that the college needed more conscientious objectors to cheating. And on a motion that was made, the members asked me to stay in the fraternity—with several not voting.

It was later that night that I was called from bed and taken to the chapter room to see almost fifty pairs of shoes which two of the members who hadn't voted had collected for me to shine. They threatened me with one lick for every pair I shined, two for every one I didn't.

It was then that I saw I had to withdraw from the fraternity. I did, immediately, and slept that night in the old Pi Gamma Sigma house, in the room of a student council member I knew was friendly. The members had finally asked me to move from the house.

I moved to 119 Bostwick. But it was ten days before I dared to spend a night in my own room. I was called every kind of a S.O.B. by men who met me on the campus during the day. I was a squealer.

One member of the faculty before whom I put my story jerked his horn-rimmed glasses from his

See FIGHT, page 19

Streamlined M. D.'s

Exactly forty years ago the Wake Forest medical school was founded. Through a hectic existence it has driven its way to the fore and is now bidding to become one the nation's great medical schools.

By Herbert Thompson

EXACTLY forty years ago, medical students at Wake Forest College were carving stiff cats and dogs in the space now occupied by the college book store and publications row. Today they work on refrigerated cadavers in the new, elaborately furnished Bowman Gray School of Medicine.

But when the med school was moved to Winston-Salem last spring, it carried with it a part of Wake Forest College—young magnolia trees have been planted in a row along the front of the six-story building, helping to preserve that tradition Wake Forest students hold so dear.

Annexed to the Baptist Hospital, the Bowman Gray School of Medicine building houses one of the most modern medical schools in the country. The operation of the present medical plant is a broad jump from the early medical school, and even the 1940-41 medical school.

Today students ride automatic Otis elevators up and down the six-story building, from one class to another; they sit in on lectures in modern classrooms, equipped with fluorescent lighting, and new furniture all around: they work on cadavers and experiment in streamlined laboratories; they attend clinical pathological conferences in the new ampthitheatre, where specialists from every phase of the medical field voice opinions about disease; they observe surgical operations in any one of nine operating rooms in the Baptist Hospital; they study in an elaborately furnished library, equipped with long, glass-topped desks, Venetian blinds, indirect lighting, new books on medical research and science, swivel chairs, and the like; they walk down long halls adorned with electric wall clocks, and recessed cases for display of various specimens; they have access to work in coöperation with the North Carolina Baptist Hospital, a 407-bed institution, and to learn medical science under some of the best doctors in the country. They have access to one of the two incinerators in North Carolina, the other being at Duke. The med school took a great stride when it moved from the Williams Amos Johnson Medical Building in Wake Forest to the new spacious building and hospital in Winston-Salem.

Dean Coy C. Carpenter

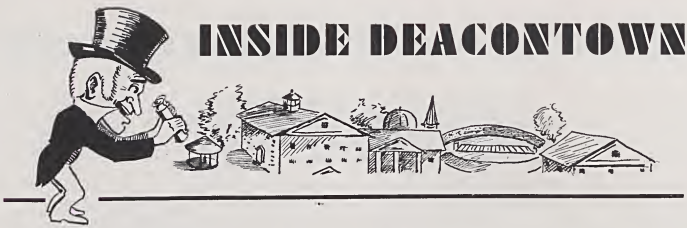
In the first year class at Winston-Salem now are 40 students, while the second year class has 31 men. Fifty applicants have been accepted to enter in June and another 50 in March. Consequently, the school will have 171 students at the graduation of the first class in 1944. Going on a four-year basis, the school will soon rank among the top-flight medical institutions of the country.

An average week in the life of a second-year medical student at Bowman Gray School of Medicine consists of the following routine:

On Monday morning he attends surgery and in the afternoon a lecture, on some phase of medical work, then goes out to the Forsyth County Tuberculosis Sanitorium and examines patients.

On Monday night he attends a clinical pathological conference in the amphitheatre. Attending this clinic are all the doctors in Forsyth County.

See M.D.'s, page 16



INSIDE DEACONTOWN

• *To introduce the final issue* of the 1941-42 STUDENT, we called on Alan Stansbury, art editor deluxe, who has given us on the cover an impressionistic drawing of America's college graduate, doing his last restless bit of studying before he joins his brothers in the service.

It's the first pencil art on THE STUDENT's cover in three years, and our hats are off to the man who did it.

• *We started to dedicate* this final issue to Fred the Janitor. If it hadn't been for him (worst luck!) the magazine wouldn't ever have got to press.

Ye Olde Ed, attempting to round the copy into shape in a one all-night stand, got hungry around three bells and counseled Shorty. He returned to find he'd left his keys inside the office, and the door was locked. Thirty minutes with a pair of pliers on the screen didn't do any good, and a knife wouldn't budge the lock. The only other key in captivity was discovered in the hands of Fred the Janitor next morning, after a canvass of the business manager, Mr. Holliday, and the office mouse had proved fruitless.

• *And while we're singing* swan songs and making final thank-you's, let's expess appeciation for invaluable help this year not only to the staff and Faculty Adviser Folk, but to long-suffering Edwards and Broughton staff workers who pitied the confessed ignorance of Editor Morgan and took it upon themselves to do their usual conscientious job throughout the year. Included, to name just a few, would be Johnny Minter and Joe Hardison in the outer sanctum of Raleigh's oldest printing house, and Barber, Hofmeister, Barrow, Crosby, and Tommie, the proof-reader, back in the big room that makes the clock tick.

• *That ladies' man* over on Frat Row told us this story. Here it is—but remember, we didn't say we believe it:

The little gal back home had fallen over for a soldier love, and gave our friend the brush-off. One try at a rapprochement had netted no progress, and our hero looked for other fields to conquer.

Then the gal back home started begging by mail for a nice eight-by-ten picture of herself which she had lovingly autographed in more fruitful days. Our hero ignored letter after letter requesting the return of the picture, and finally one came which threatened to complain to the house president if the photo wasn't returned.

Our Don Quixote decided to squelch the little gal for all time. Thereupon he borrowed all the pictures of girls which were available in the house, tied them up in paper and string, and mailed them to the girl back home with this painful note:

"Pick yours out; I've forgotten what you look like."

• *An enterprising member* of the business staff of a publication issued at State College had struggled time after time to sell the Canton Restaurant — famed for its all-Chinese menu and staff — an ad for his magazine.

Every approved approach failed with the Chinese boss, until the young salesman conceived the brilliant thought of showing the boss man a streamer in a past issue, which read—"Beat Those Japanese, Wolfpack!"

The Chinaman's eyes twinkled, he jumped to his feet, and inquired quick as a flash—

"What are your rates?"

• *Phil Highfill*, proud revolutionist, found other things to do the night before one of the English departments' true-false quizzes. So, at the fatal hour, he resorted to a remaining nickel in his pocket and flipped a perfect record on ten questions.

A neighbor's perfect score was all that prevented his being distinctive with his 100 paper.

"Hey," he complained, confident that there had been some eribbing, "this guy looked on my coin."

• *The Morganton News-Herald* fabricated the number one boner on Wake Forest student body elections with this profound lead on their April 10 front page.

"Billy Joe Patton defeated John McMillan of Whiteville . . . to become probably the first fraternity man ever to head the Wake Forest student body."

• *Carolina can't even get by* with an election for campus May queen without bumping smack into a stuffed ballot box.

Elections to pick one of four beauties had to be held a second time when ballot-counters found 51 more votes in the box than were supposed to have been cast.

These women!

• *That war is a deadly plaything* in the hands of a world which is much too closely-knit to disagree was vividly brought home the other day.

American newspapers carried on their front pages the picture story of the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbor—as photographed by Japanese pilots from Japanese bombers.

The pictures were released at Tokio, and radioed by Leningrad to New York.

That shows more than that the press at its best, is a universal neutral. It shows clearly that two peoples at war who can exchange snapshots with each other across the ocean should be able to exchange in friendly conciliation.

• *Add to your personal list* of "they'll do it every time":

Wake Forest professors pick on campus politicos just before elections. Professor Clontz had a chance above par the day before student body elections when he noticed Billy Joe Patton and C. C. Hope wearily seated on a back row. Questions on the text were shot first to C. C., then to Billy Joe——until a bell relieved the henpecked candidates.

• *One of ODK's several wise choices* in their spring elections was that of Joe Duncavage, retiring student body president.

Joe is the ideal Wake Forest officeholder.

A man who had never sought honors, who had never before been president of anything, but who had all along been modest, hard-working, and sincere, Joe was selected for his office as student body president partly because he didn't want it.

The hats of the entire student body are off at the closing of the school year to Joe for doing what Dean Bryan termed "about the best job any student body president has done lately."

Joe makes a good student body president because he spends his time doing things, not telling his constituents what he intends to do. Quietly going to the core of campus problems, Joe has done more in two months than the average student body president does in a year.

• *Wake Forest's own Dr. Sherwood Githens* has received a distinguished promotion. From teacher of aircraft electrical systems at Chanute Field in Illinois, he was transferred to a job as assistant chief instructor at the newly-opened Air Mechanics School at Wichita Falls, Texas, where he edited all instructional literature. The big promotion came as he was invited to join the faculty of Physics and Communication Engineering at Harvard, teaching electronics and radio to commissioned officers of both the Army and the Navy.

He writes of bumping into Wake Forest men — Gawky Durham, Carl Dull, Air Corps Cadet Leatherwood—during his travels over the country.

He also declares that in his work in service physics laboratories, he "has been pleased greatly to find that in physics and radio courses at Wake Forest we had rigged up on a very meager budget some demonstration and laboratory experiments which compare very favorably with some of those that I find and work with now at Harvard."

And to students at Wake Forest, he offers two suggestions:

"One, to take as much math, physics, and chemistry as possible, and to try to knock these courses cold—not being satisfied with just getting by. For this is a technological war we are fighting, and the material in these courses is at least useful in any branch of the service, if not fundamental.

"Second, take the courses of sociological nature seriously. By the time this war is over, we and the world in general will be badly in need of leaders with level heads and firm principles."

Dr. Githens and his wife now are at 16 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass.

• *Dr. H. B. Jones got tied up* in mock-profanity when he worked out a color chart for Milton's

See DEACONTOWN, page 18

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DON BRADSHER, *business manager*
HERBERT THOMPSON, *managing editor*
PAUL BELL, *business manager-elect*

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BUSINESS

Furman Biggs, Lawrence Clark, Horace Miller, and Ned Thomas.

Criticism and contributions this time should not be addressed to THE EDITOR, Box 924. It's too late. We're through.

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The Story of America

Rare volumes hoarded in three cabinets in the library tell a fascinating story of the birth of America and her rise to a nation of greatness.

QUIETLY thumbing through old volumes and selecting titles for the Wake Forest College library since 1935 have been Dr. C. Chilton Pearson and Mrs. Ethel Crittenden, who have built up a unique collection of rare works here which is unrivalled in the state.

Three fireproof cases far back in the stacks of the library today are filled with several hundred of these rare volumes, termed "The Americana Collection," because the books trace American culture from the time of Italian explorers in the New World.

Most of the volumes are first editions, and date back as far as 1524. The cost of each volume is out of proportion to the paper and ink involved—for they are unique in literary circles. One volume cost as much as $120—and others have been bought at similar prices.

Yet Wake Forest is not detracting from its allotments for additions to its general library to build up this collection. The bulk of the money which goes for the purchase of these volumes comes from the estate of the late Tracy W. McGregor, who—at his death in 1936—was recognized as one of the foremost book collectors in America.

Shortly before his death he arranged a fund whereby selected American colleges might secure collections of rare volumes showing the history of America. Wake Forest is one of some two score schools throughout the country which have been selected for this honor, and the only school in North Carolina which has one of the McGregor "Americana" Collections.

That was where Mrs. Crittenden, Wake Forest's faithful librarian since 1915, entered the picture. She represented Wake Forest at the dedication of the McGregor Fund in New York City, and did all in her power to secure one of the allotments for Wake Forest. Dr. Pearson was named to select titles to be bought, and the two of them have since nursed this collection into one of the outstanding library features of the state.

The volumes have been divided roughly into four sections treating colonization, the Puritan Period, the Revolutionary period, and the Civil War period.

One of the most beautiful of the books is Bordoni's "Isolario," published in 1547 and now re-bound in a luxurious hand-tooled vellum.

Mrs. Crittenden's especial pride is the Saur Bible, a German Bible which was published in 1743. The copy preserved here is from the first edition of the Bible published in this nation in a foreign language.

Another interesting Bible is the famous Breeches Bible, published in 1599. John Dickinson's renowned Revolutionary "Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania" are also preserved here, the copy being from the first edition.

Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," published in 1614 and presenting what today is a rather ridiculously incomplete and blundering account of events before his time, is also included in the collection.

Captain John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia" was bought at a cost of $70.

Thus another "first" may be marked up for the Wake Forest College library, which since Mrs. Crittenden took charge in 1915, has more than tripled its number of volumes.

The Soul of America

An ensign scribbled off his discovery of the soul of an America at war. That was before he left the shores of America — to fight for that soul.

by **EUGENE BRISSIE**

(Ensign Eugene Brissie, editor of The Student *in 1939-40, left Naval Reserve training at Northwestern University not long ago and went to Boston. That is the last word we have from him. Latest news has revealed that Brissie is with the Atlantic fleet, backing up the British Empire in a war which finally has Adolf Hitler suggesting alternatives. At any rate, this is Brissie's story of the Service of America as he saw it—in a few brief, vivid pictures.—Ed.)*

I WELL remember some months ago when I was a full-fledged civilian and a peaceful reporter on the staff of a Southern newspaper. It was then that I found myself bombarded with questions thrown by myself—questions as to what to do about joining armed forces ahead of draft schedule, or what part I could play in a performance projected out of necessity by my country.

However, the story of myself and the Navy (and I do link the two together now, at least for the "duration") can't be told fully. Personal censorship doesn't allow one a freedom of conscience that he had when he wanted to uncover a "nice" political (or social) scandal as a newspaper reporter. Hence what follows here is a conflagration of impressions that would come to you if you walked into the Navy to be trained for an officer.

Just as I walked into Abbott Hall, Executive Office, Northwestern University, Chicago, on September 18, 1941.

I stood by befuddled and heard walls referred to as bulkheads, doors called hatches, and the floor on which I stood transformed into a deck overnight. After I had handed over my orders to a petty officer assistant to the Executive, I didn't understand why I had to walk in step with seven other men to my quarters. Nor did I see any possible ultimate benefits from squaring all corners and responding to a command with "Aye, aye," rather than "O.K., All Right," or "Yes." I'll admit further that my pride and ego wasn't inflated greatly when an officer asked of me my name, to which I responded, "Brissie." And he spoke sharply: "You mean Apprentice Seaman Brissie."

That was September, 1941, and now, I'm saltier than Alabama-cured fatback. And two weeks from now I'll be getting a taste of the real salt. Then I can forget that I'm quite salty already, for I'll have a job to do—to do well.

Outbreak of war has caused a transformation among all men. Midshipmen have been no different, for there can be no more chances. At the best, a nation is never invincible, because a nation is no better than her weakest and dullest son who is charged with responsible duties. It's impossible to count in material differences the changes accompanying war. I might say here, however, that the Navy's future officers in training here have never considered their tasks lightly. Most of them count it a privilege to be in the Navy, an even higher privilege to be associated with a group of mates drawn from the cleanest-cut of youth and manhood.

There could have been a touch of bitterness in my mixed thoughts of the service a year ago. Such is characteristic of the youth that goes to college, thrives for a year or so on the orations he writes denouncing war. His role is almost fruitless in a final analysis, for even those in war have no love for the monster Mars.

And so I wanted to make the most of my new part in a puzzling era of history.

The heart of America has been shown to the boys in school here. Many times, before I ever came into a branch of the Service, I had heard poetic references made to the heart of America. Somehow I believe now that I've seen and have been blessed by a portion of that huge, intangible organ. It seeks to know me in multifold ways. I touched a part of the heart one day in October when I walked along the sea wall at Lake Michigan. An old lady who pulls a grinding organ all over the city and plays tunes for pennies, nickels and dimes, saw my uniform. She left her organ and caught my sleeve; and she tugged me back to play a tune for me. When I offered a dime, she pushed my hand aside with a pair of ragged, dirty arms.

"It is for you," she said.

Then I touched a part of that same big heart when I found myself in the city of Chicago for Christmas. Sub-zero temperature, snow and wind. Music in the air on every corner. Red-faced Santa Clauses who rang their bells vigorously to attract the attention of shop-worn throngs. I saw — on Christmas Eve night — a girl huddled in a doorway. She saw the uniform and ran out toward me—half frightened, she was, and reluctant

See SOUL, page 18

The Student Gol

The Boys with the big W spring 'coming-out' party noon at the little cabin o There were lots of gals, around for those who c even cooler shade up the

Here they are—and from left to right, you oughta be able to name 'em every one. Mary Paschal over on the left didn't want to be in the picture; well, she almost wasn't. Notice Zakim and Rubino with straws.

The Monogram boys tacked a social "finis" to a mighty successful year under Pat Geer with their spring party May 3.

'Fessor Carroll was on hand to enjoy the proceedings and add his droll wit to a party which didn't lag. There were gals from Wake Forest and Raleigh—and there was Pop Zakim's gal that wired she was on her way from West Virginny, but didn't arrive until Pop had reached the cabin and decided to enjoy himself.

Pop and Pat, Rubino, Vivian, and the rest were out at the cabin early Sunday morning to get things in readiness—with the aid of a big truck which hauled the barrel out from Durham, the phonograph from Wake Forest, and washtubs full of slaw, crates of bread and rolls, cokes and ale, gathered from here and there.

The party began rolling in on Pat's Ford, 'Fessor's Buick, and assorted jaloppies after lunch, and—the way we hear it—ended when a long-overdue ride which almost didn't make it arrived long after dark to rescue the last couple—allegedly Mary Paschal and Johnny Walker.

Smiley Starnes protected his golf muscles with several falls into the lake; Jess Tharnish insisted on restful strolls over the wooded hill with his girl; Catcher Hawkins completely perused a couple back issues of *Saturday Evening Post;* while Everette Berger faithfully guarded the barrel and rationed out its contents. Walker and Paschal rocked to and fro in the swing, and Bill Starford and Raleigh date Lucy Frost alternated between the hot dog fire, the old well and the dance floor. Rubino and Zakim sported two twin straw hats which had come in with the season the day before; Copley's Yankee girl Pat complained of too much mustard with her sandwiches, and Hinerman quietly relaxed on the big divan with Helen Saunders.

'Fessor? He followed the food.

Around the supper table, with 'Fessor at the head, gather all the boys and all the gals. Pat and Copley in the left foreground offer good examples of after and before—a big mouthful. We won't talk about Smiley on the right. He didn't know who had the camera.

There ain't much we can add to this. Folks, meet Saunders and Hinerman. *Photos by Bob Gallimore*

to a Monogram Party

their sweaters held their
a hot, lazy Summer after-
on the lake near Durham.
ough in the barrel to go
d, a nice cool lake, and
in the woods.

Bottom left: Puzzle picture: find the center of attraction. And of all people to be dishing it out, there's Lou Denning from good old Meredith, offering a little sustenance to her date, Butch Clark.
Bottom right: Although this looks like the morning after, it's just a restful pause in between afternoon activities. A Wake Forest gal with a Wake Forest varsity man: Dorothy Coppedge and Red Cochran.
Top right: We don't see what's so funny. Do you? Maybe Lucy Frost and Bill Starford are having their own private (?) laugh.

Plenty of Drama

Don't let any drama club at Wake Forest ever tell you it's the first one. . . . It ain't so.

by **LEE COPPLE**

IT'S a lie. If you ever hear it, just remember. Although drama clubs have been popping up on the Wake Forest College campus ever since, none of them have been the original or even particularly "precedent-smashing."

The news behind the headlines today is that Wake Forest belonged to the first college playmakers' group in North Carolina. That means drama at Wake Forest has a tradition on which to build which antecedes that of the Playmakers of The University of North Carolina and the Duke University Players—both justly famous groups—by at least 75 years.

For while the Dramatic Club and the Wake Forest Little Theatre have hardly celebrated the anniversary of their third month, organized dramatic effort on the Wake Forest campus this year celebrates its 106th anniversary. It was as a part of the July 4 celebration of the college in 1836 (the college then remained open for most of the summer) that dramatic work had its birth on the campus in the form of a play written by Professor John Armstrong, one of the original Institute faculty and the man responsible for the formation of the literary societies in 1835, and performed by students of the institute.

While there were no accounts published at the time, the reports which have come down to us present a graphic picture. In an article in the STUDENT of May 1896, T. H. Briggs tells us:

"In the evening seats had been arranged on the south side of the little streamlet that runs through the same grove in which the morning exercises were held (this was the wooded valley now to the right of the college heating plant and back of Coach Murray Greason's), and a space cleared on the opposite side for the stage. In this way a kind of amphitheater effect was produced. The place was lighted with torches, and, after the entré by a campfire, the crowded seats were hushed except for the excited whispers of the children, for a weird effect was produced by the wavering shadows of the tall trees and by the savage camp scene.

"The play began as five or six of the company, dressed as Indians in full war paint, feathers and moccasins, rushed upon the scene roughly dragging a beautiful young girl (the late George Sears Stephenson of New Bern) by the arms, and threatened with savage cries to scalp her with the tomahawk. Finally, after lighting a campfire, the weeping young lady was bound to a tree, and dried sticks were piled around, preparatory to burning her alive. To add to her tortures, the Indians did not begin the human bonfire at once, but lay down to sleep, leaving one of their number to keep guard. These savages must have been pretty well civilized, for their countersign or password was, 'Watchman, what of the night?' While the warriors slept, their lone sentinel, pacing up and down the space before the campfire, resplendent in his war dress and hideous in his paint and feathers, would approach the tree to which the victim was tied and would menace her with his hunting knife; but the heroic girl with her face upturned to the heavens, did not seem to heed the wild threats."

But help was coming! George Washington and his men saved the day.

Of the performance, W. T. Brooks wrote tersely in his diary:

"Met in the grove this morning for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of our Independence; had quite a large and respectable company; performed the duties of the day with much credit to ourselves; had fine music; good marching; a first rate oration delivered by H. K. Person; spectators generally well pleased; ladies beautiful and agreeable; had but little time to spend with the ladies; formed but a very limited acquaintance. At night. Had quite an interesting time. Performed an exhibition which did us much credit. Ladies and gentlemen well pleased with the performance. Little interruption with rain at the close of the scene; quite inconvenient for neighbors to go home; very dark night." ●

THANKS A LOT FOR YOUR PATRONAGE THIS YEAR . . .

We'll See You in Summer School

Wake Forest Laundry and Dry Cleaners

The Pipes Cool

The man who gave Wake Forest music its first big start and was its pivot point for many years will this month make his musical adieu.

by **SANTFORD MARTIN**

DR. HUBERT is retiring as official organist and choir director of the Wake Forest Baptist Church.

For over 35 years Dr. Hubert McNeil Poteat has headed the music—choir and organ work—of the Wake Forest Baptist Church. And for over 35 years this church has excelled in its musical program. For anyone—be he faculty member, student, or townsman—can tell that the music of the Wake Forest Church has been typically Poteat in its eloquence and charm and stimulation. No one can easily deny that Dr. Hubert's successor will have quite a job in continuing the work that this man of versatility began and carried out for over three and a half decades.

It was back in the early 1900's—1906 to be exact—that Dr. Poteat became official choir director of the local church. He succeeded Mrs. Z. V. Peed as organist and director. And since then he has won fame, not only for himself but for Wake Forest College, by his organ recitals which have been presented in many sections of America and which have become biannual traditions here at Wake Forest.

From these observations of brilliant talent and versatility, one comes to wonder how it was that Dr. Poteat learned the "art of the organ" in such a masterly manner, while, at the same time, many other duties were upon him; such as, his teaching, his speaking assignments, his civic and fraternal affiliations, and other such services.

The answer to that is an interesting story of a man's ability to merge his knowledge of the piano with his determination to play the organ, the mechanics and operations of which Dr. Poteat was never taught. It is somewhat amazing, but nevertheless true, that Dr. Hubert never had an organ lesson in his life. Certainly the throngs of people who have attended his recitals would push that fact to the side as an exaggerated gesture of a Poteat enthusiast. But, it is true.

It was under his mother that Dr. Poteat began his musical work—receiving lessons on the piano while still a small child of four or five years. After seven or eight years of maternal instruction in the piano, he enrolled, at the age of 13, as a student in Miss Marion F. Dunwoody's music class at Meredith College. And for three years Dr. Hubert—then, just Hubert, son of Dr. and Mrs. William Louis Poteat—traveled from Wake Forest to Raleigh once each week on the afternoon train, and back that night, taking lessons under Miss Dunwoody. At the age of 16 he relinquished his piano lessons for more thorough study in other fields. However, it is also interesting to note that Dr. Poteat took some lessons in violin during this period.

And there we have it, thorough instruction in piano and violin. Yet, today Dr. Hubert doesn't seem to bother with those two forms of music that he was so ably taught; but rather he excels and even seems to flourish in those two types of music—organ and voice—that he picked up, so to speak, from his own labors and by his peculiar mental endowment.

Before the present church building was erected on the campus, all services were held in the college chapel, where Dr. Poteat played the old hand-pumped organ. It was at the console of this second-hand piece of musical antiquity, which had been bought from the Centenary Methodist Church of Richmond, Virginia, that Dr. Hubert experienced some moments of mental anguish on certain Sunday mornings—because of the occasional inefficiency or stubbornness or maybe fatigue of the student-pumper. Dr. Hubert pointed out that it was not only exasperating, but embarrassing, when the pumper fell behind his vigorous playing, causing the organ to drawl many notes behind the congregation. And, in all probability, "What a Friend We Have in

Brewer's

★

Congratulations
Class '42

Jesus" didn't sound at all natural, at least not natural, when the pumper failed to keep enough air in the pit for Dr. Hubert's powerful playing. Such were the conditions under which Dr. Poteat began his musical career.

Having played on many of the finer organs throughout the nation, Dr. Hubert seems to hold more pride in the fact that he has played on what is considered the best organ in America—that of the Mormon Tabernacle out in Salt Lake City. And that is not all—he has also played the organ of New York City's Riverside Baptist Church and has held two recitals on the Duke Chapel organ, which he personally considers one of the best.

Undoubtedly, many wonder why Dr. Poteat is retiring. He answered that question most amiably when he said that he just didn't have time to direct the choir in the middle of the week, to play the organ on Sundays, and, at the same time, keep up his high Masonic and fraternity affiliations. As we know, the high offices which he holds in both of these groups call him away too often for him to direct conscientiously the music of the Wake Forest Baptist Church.

Thus, the work of a master musician will be ended as far as the Wake Forest church is concerned. This is the kind of statement that is hard to believe, but it is happening at this moment—Dr. Hubert is retiring as official organist and choir director of the Wake Forest Baptist Church.

M.D.'s

Continued from page 7

Tuesday is a day of classes until 4:30 in the afternoon. Then some specialist lectures from his field.

Wednesday brings another morning of classes, but students have the afternoon off to play tennis, softball, etc.

Thursday morning brings classes again, and on Thursday afternoon the class goes to the county hospital to examine patients and study cases.

Friday morning consists of lectures with patients from the hospital to illustrate the subjects. Friday afternoon is taken up with a field trip to the county board of health, a venereal disease clinic, city water supply, or something of the sort to better the study of public health.

A morning of classes on Saturday bring to an end the week's work for the med student—he is free until Monday morning.

But the students at Bowman Gray adhere to the maxim that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." They find various kinds of diversions from study, and laboratory work. An interesting sidelight to the medical school life at present is the organization of three softball teams in the med school —two in the first-year class and one in the second-year class.

Dr. H. M. Vann, head of the anatomy department, is acting as treasurer for the teams. Through frugally saving the profits from one of the Coca-Cola machines in the med building, he has been able to secure equipment for the teams. All three teams are in the city softball leagues. Insignia for all the Bowman Gray teams is a black cross bones and skull over and under capped by the words "BOWMAN GRAY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE." A great deal of interest is being shown in the softball teams, and students find it a top-notch diversion from studies.

Students relax in other ways by playing tennis, attending civic music concerts in the city, visiting Salem College, and attending movies.

The active faculty at the Bowman Gray School of Medicine is composed of 22 men. Coming from

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various sections of the country, all of these men are specialists in their respective fields.

To the present state which it has attained and for which it has asserted a claim for the future, the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest has evolved from forty years of tireless labor.

Instruction in medicine at Wake Forest began in the fall of 1902, following sporadic campaigning since 1849 for a medical school. Dr. Fred K. Cooke, a graduate of The University of North Carolina med school, headed the department in its infancy, and the dissecting room occupied the west half of the basement of the present social science building. From there the med school moved to the third floor of the Alumni Building, and then to the William Amos Johnson Medical Building in the school year 1932-33. It remained there until last spring.

In 1904 the school was accepted by the Association of American Medical Colleges after the first inspection. In 1907 it was admitted to the list of approved medical colleges by the Board of Regents of the University of New York, a recognition then accorded no other North Carolina medical school.

The existence of the school was endangered in 1935-36, when the American Medical Association decided to reduce the number of two-year med schools. But President Thurman D. Kitchin and President Frank Graham, of The University of North Carolina, stirred to action the four-year med schools, which received graduates from two-year schools.

In 1905 Dr. Cooke resigned as head of the medical school and Dr. W. S. Rankin was appointed dean. In 1909 the med school was headed by Dr. Lewis M. Gaines. Wake Forest then had one of the eleven highest-ranking medical schools in the nation in entrance requirements.

The college hospital was built in 1906, another step in the progress of the medical school. Forty-five appendectomies were done there in one year by Dr. Gaines.

In 1919 Dr. H. M. Vann was appointed head of the anatomy department, which position he holds today. In the school year 1926-27, William Amos Johnson headed the anatomy department, but died in an automobile wreck near Shelby. The William Amos Johnson building which now houses the biology department and the Simmons Art Collection was constructed in 1932-33 by funds donated from his family.

Dr. C. C. Carpenter came here in 1926 as professor of pathology and physical diagnosis. He is now dean of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine.

In August 1917 Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin was elected professor of physiology, and dean in 1919. He adjusted differences which seemed almost irreconcilable between students and members of the faculty, and did much to save the school from scandal. He continued to work in that capacity until he was succeeded by Dr. C. C. Carpenter.

The library of the med school enlarged greatly during that time with an increasing endowment.

After thirty-nine years of progress the Bowman Gray foundation awarded a fund of $1,000,000 to the med school to move to Winston-Salem and it became a four-year institution. The year 1944 will see the graduation of the first class from the new four-year medical college, and the men will take their places well-trained among tomorrow's men in white.

"Sorry," she murmured when the hostess introduced him to her. "I didn't get your name."

"I know you didn't," replied the ex-boy friend, "but you certainly tried hard enough."

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—but Dan's out of the dog house now!

"TAKE YOUR RING and go away! You're finished with college, but *I'm* finished with men who smoke smelly pipes! My heart says *yes*, but my nose says *phew!* Good-bye!"

SO DAN REFORMED. He switched to Sir Walter, the *mild* blend of fragrant burleys. His girl took one sniff...smiled...snuggled. Try it for moonlight and noses.

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DEACONTOWN

Continued from page 9

"Paradise Lost." Attempting to portray in color a scene of action, he queried a class as to what color would be best suited for hell, and then remembered:

"Well, I suppose hell must be black. At least I've heard the expression, 'dark as hell'!"

Later, when he slipped up and indicated a war in heaven by a black mark, which he had decided to reserve for hell, he commented—

"That looks like hell."

• *Take it from Harry Hand*—he should know.

A teacher was describing the tempting of Eve by Satan, and resultant banishment of both Eve and Adam from the Garden of Eden.

Harry impetuously popped out in class—

"You can't blame a man for what his wife does!"

• *We found this on a small white card*, placed meticulously in the carriage of a 1923 Royal typewriter on which the English department has now been forced to rely:

"This particle was discovered in 1919 by the English, who successfully bombed the atom."

We felt even sorrier for the department when we found why they are forced to content themselves with the ancient machine.

The College offered the department money for a new typewriter. Department Head H. B. Jones immediately set about to choose a model and style which would make everybody happy. He dallied a bit in making a choice, but finally made up the department's mind and paced over to the office of the bursar, handing Mr. Earnshaw the name and model of machine desired.

Bursar Earnshaw looked ruefully up at Dr. Jones and said—

"The OPM froze all typewriters last midnight. No more for us for the duration."

• *The national educational press* is filled these days with articles by non-hysterical authorities who decry the mad race of American colleges to outdo each other in "acceleration," "streamlining," and "speed-up."

Many of the greatest educators in the country are warning America of the dangers of the system, and declaring that in many instances the new wartime programs are designed purely to get as much money out of college youths in a shorter sum total of years.

In many cases this must be so. Often, engineers who study for three years will be only three-fourths as good as those who study for four. And under no circumstances should America lower its liberal arts education standards.

If American colleges follow the sane, middle-course system which Wake Forest has adopted, they need fear no ill results. We are proud to see that a college which has withstood the shocks of 108 hard years is withstanding the headlong rush of the American collegiate field.

SOUL

Continued from page 11

to speak for fear I should misjudge her motive.

"My mother wants one of you—a Navy man—to come eat with us tomorrow. My address is 6529 N. Westover. Won't you please be there at two o'clock?"

For a moment I could have sworn that she would have wept had I refused. I told her "yes," though I was still puzzled by her spontaneous and arresting approach. Her eyes were large and brownish; her hair was almost white — blonde; and the slight thickness of her accent reminded one of a Swedish girl.

The next day I went to 6529 N. Westover. There was a mother and the girl. They lived alone. They lighted three candles on the fir-bough decorations of the table. And they fed me baked goose, plen-

ty of sauce. When dinner was over, the old woman pulled out a bottle of brandy she had saved a long time.

"Brandy is for special occasions," she said. "It is good to have a uniform in the house again."

The candlelight afforded a kind duskiness to the atmosphere. There was a special warmth pervading the whole scene.

The occasion was almost commonplace, I thought, until the mother told me why she wanted a "sailor" with her on Christmas. Her only son had been killed at Pearl Harbor less than three weeks before. It was good to see a uniform again, she had said.

The door to the heart of America is always ajar, it seems, when no longer man can sit under his own fig tree where "none can make him afraid." We seem to find ourselves the moment the words "death" and "America" are mentioned in sequence.

I'd like to speak to the college man who has suddenly found his blood boiling, the chap who can't wait a few months or years to assume armed responsibilities.

I would say, stay where you are until you're called. As a better-educated man you'll make a better soldier, sailor, officer, plant worker, and certainly a better civilian when you return from a tour of duty. It will be easier for Uncle Sam to call you than it will be for you to call him. Indeed, he needs you, and you'll have a big job. But at the same time, you should remember that you may live to be 100 years old. Graduating from college at 75 is not a common event.

From here it'll be a new station for me in about two weeks. Navy plans don't allow unnecessary disclosures. I can say, however, that in the course of springtime I'll probably know a bit more about Masefield's meaning in the title—

"Down to the Sea Again."

"Mamma, where doth elephants come from? And don't try to thtall me off wiv that gag about the thtork."

FIGHT

Continued from page 6

forehead as I ended my talk in his home one night and jumped to his feet, saying:

"Sir, I am glad to meet you and to know that there is one student here that will stand up for what is right, regardless of the punishment."

I told him that notes had been placed on my door that night saying to leave town within 24 hours, or harm would be done to me. I told him how bricks had been thrown through my window the night before. And he sent me to the dean.

The dean offered me every protection that the college could give, and the next morning screens were put on my windows, and special automatic locks on my two windows. A master lock was put on my door. Several faculty members offered me rooms in their houses, and one even his bed—if I wanted it.

I thanked them, but told them that if I was to remain in college, I would live with the students.

During these days I never went to class without a bodyguard, and was never on the campus after dark without two. It was not safe.

One morning in the administration building a well-known football player was walking down the hall with me and asked me to point out Bedford Black to him. I pointed to myself, and without a word, he knocked me down a flight of steps. Several attempts were made to cut my hair, but they were not successful.

Three thugs from Raleigh were hired to attack me; but news of this leaked out and friends told me of their plans. I escaped from them.

Things became so bad that an official of the college suggested that I withdraw and enter another school. It was only through the help of a few friends on the faculty that I remained.

I had sworn to myself to make a comeback on the campus, where I had been happy before the honor system feud. I wanted to go farther in the field of debating, and I stayed on. I began to make trips with the debate squad. Zon Robinson offered to take me to

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Congratulations
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Topeka, Kansas, for the national intercollegiate debate tourney. And as the only college freshman up among eleven candidates for the position, I was elected speaker of the House of Representatives of the first National Student Congress, presiding over a coast-to-coast hook-up over CBS. This was even though the only other delegate to the House from Wake Forest was working day and night against my election.

This was the turning point.

The campus newspaper saluted me, and the weight began to lift. Even the students who, in the heat of one of the most feverish incidents in the college's history had attacked me began to cool. I began to see more and more of the spirit which makes Wake Forest. The faculty did everything in its power to help me along, and my friends among the student body grew steadily.

I held no grudge against the students who were victims of the investigation which I started. I wanted to count them as personal friends. And we became just that. As I leave for the Service I extend a final expression of gratitude to my friends for their aid, and my inexpressible debt of gratitude to Wake Forest for all that it has meant to me."

The way some people drive, we believe that trains whistle at crossings just to keep up their courage.

Knock, knock.

St. Peter: Who's there?

Voice outside gates: It is I.

St. Peter: Go to hell. We have enough English teachers in here now. —*Medley.*

FASHION NOTE

There will be a slight change in infant wear from day to day. —*Showme.*

It's so dry in Kansas, according to confidential reports, that trees are going to the dogs.

Inebriated gent in phone booth: Number, Hell, I want my peanuts.

"Honey, let me in; it's Gertrude. Let me in." More silence.

"Honey, please, honey."

Then from the depths of the silent room came a man's voice, cold with dignity.

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

—*Old Maid.*

Old Lady: Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street, if I were you.

Little Boy: Oh, it's all right. She's dead.

To the Class of '42

"Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing today,
When you look back and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and play.
Then it may be there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes; like the catch of a song,
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along."

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

BINKLEY

Continued from page 4

sphere—that he has almost re-travelled his university field in the position of greatest honor—commencement speaker. He delivered the baccalaureate sermon here in 1937, and did the same at the Louisville Seminary, May 6.

Just after finishing Yale in 1933 he married Pauline Eichmann, and they have two daughters—Pauline and Janet.

Holding pastorates at New Haven and Chapel Hill, Dr. Binkley in 1937 became an instructor in sociology at the University, and came to Wake Forest in 1938 to head the department of religion. He has since refused offers for recognized advances to remain here.

He believes that if the Baptists of the state (with whom he is still uniquely at peace because they have been unable to corner him definitely as a radical or a conservative) succeed in donating funds sufficient for the Wake Forest Chapel, it will be a concrete step toward a program of concerted aid to religious education which the Baptists have thus far under-emphasized.

The war has made his students more conscientious and sincere this year than ever before, he declares, adding that Wake Forest will pull through the war and may realize sobering benefits from its torture. Religion in education is coming back, he believes.

The newest volume of Religious Leaders in America tells of his consistent writing for Southern Baptist Sunday School Board publications with a circulation of hundreds of thousands. One of his latest books, for the Foreign Mission Board, has also had wide circulation.

And yet "to Wake Forest I owe one of my greatest debts," this eminent scholar emphasizes. "Its heritage and its culture have molded me."

Conductor: Can't you see the sign says "No Smoking"?

Gob: Sure, mate, that's plain enough. But there's another dizzy sign that says "Wear Nemo Corsets," so I ain't paying attention to any of 'em.

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

LOCAL AFTERNOON

"Shall we sit in the parlor?"

"No, I'm too tired. Let's go and play tennis."

The parson had been strolling about the links, and wishing to drive home a small moral lesson said mildly, "I notice that the players that get the lowest scores are not those who swear."

"Why the hell should they?" replied his partner, as he dug up some more turf.

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We'll Be Looking for You . . .

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Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling off the trees.

"Fine time."
"I'll bet."
"Goodnite."
"Goodnite."
Slam.
"Wait'll I get hold of Don." —*Wataugan.*

Teacher: Now, Johnny, if I lay two eggs over here and three over there, how many will there be all together?

Johnny: Personally, I don't think you can do it.
—*Exchange.*

He knocked on the door of my room.

"May I come in?" he said. "It's the room I had when I went to college in '09."

I invited him in.

"Yes, sir," he said, lost in reverie. "same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl terrified.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story!"
—*Caveman.*

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HOLLOWELL'S

It's Been Fun

This issue of *The Student* and the current distribution of the *Howler* represent for the staffs and for ourselves, as manufacturing printers, another year of painstaking work and care to give to Wake Forest some publications that meet all the tests of good editing, commendable and quality workmanship.

To these staffs we say: "A Fine Job." For ourselves, it's been a lot of fun, in spite of many tense moments.

We eagerly look forward to next year when we can again get in harness with the "boys" and we know, in advance, it'll be fun again.

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